FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE, MARCH 20, 1948
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCII No. 2511 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 20 1948

Bulmer's POMAGNE
MADE BY THE SAME PROCESS AS CHAMPAGNE
BY APPOINTMENT CIDER MAKERS
H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD
Champagne Cider de Luxe

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

By Appointment Table Salt Manufacturers
Cerebos
Salt of crystal purity

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA
★ THE ORIGINAL AND THE ARISTOCRAT OF COCOAS ★

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
Red Hackle WHISKY
PROPRIETORS Hepburn & Ross GLASGOW

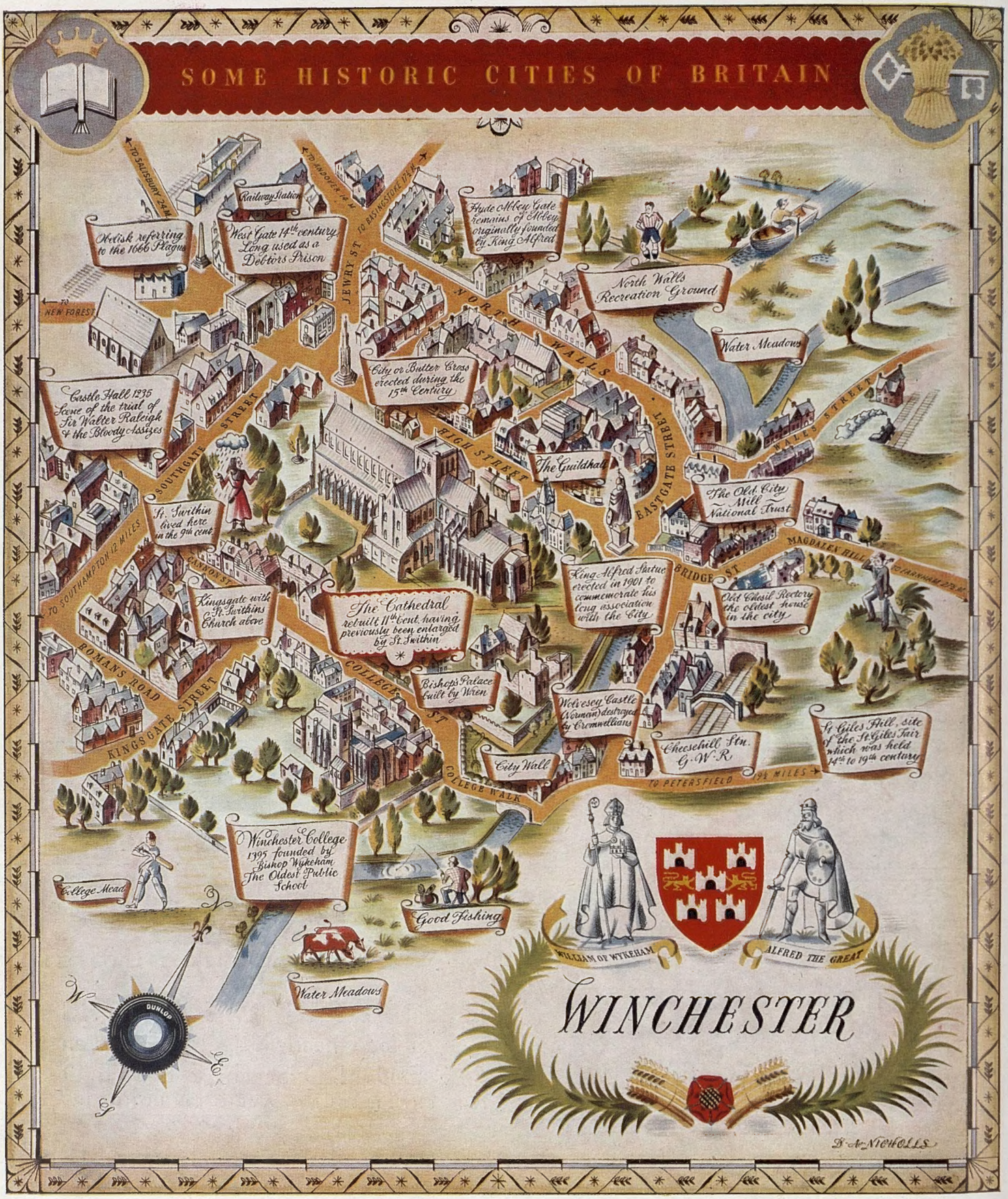
SHAFTESBURY HOMES & 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP
Have DURING 104 YEARS helped nearly 38,000 children
FUNDS NEEDED
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

For sweet breath & pearly Teeth
Euthymol TOOTH PASTE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

CHAPLINS CONCORD PORT
W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD ESTABLISHED 1867 LONDON & GLASGOW

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1



Out of the ages, Winchester has distilled a golden peace, a contemplative calm. She wears her beauty like a cloak of quiet, slashed with the rich colours of history and tradition. Once these streets were turbulent with the busy life of a capital city; for to Saxon and Dane and Norman, Winchester was the seat of government, chief city of them all, the place of coronation for their Kings. To-day, the Kings and Princes sleep beneath the Cathedral stones, and the turmoil of the centuries has passed into tranquility.

ONE OF A SERIES OF DECORATIVE PLANS SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE SCENE SHIFTS FROM PRAGUE TO HELSINKI—PRESIDENT PAASIKIVI PRESIDING AT A MEETING OF THE FINNISH CABINET AT WHICH THE DELEGATES WERE CHOSEN FOR THE TALKS WITH RUSSIA: Before the delegation's departure from Helsinki it was made known that its instructions would be submitted for the approval of Finland's Parliamentary Foreign Relations Committee

No sooner had the Czechoslovakian crisis been resolved than the world heard the news that Finland was receiving the attention of her Russian neighbour, President Paasikivi of Finland being sent by Generalissimo Stalin a letter asking for a pact of mutual assistance. The Finnish Cabinet at once met to consider this letter, and after considerable deliberation chose a delegation to go to Moscow to negotiate a pact. Mr. Pekkala, the Prime Minister, who is seen in this picture on the President's right hand, was chosen as chairman of the delegation, and Mr. Enckell, the Foreign Minister, who is seated on the President's left hand, is the vice-chairman. Seated next to Mr. Pekkala are Dr. Kekkonen, Deputy Speaker of the Finnish Parliament, and Mr. Peltonen, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Finnish Parliament, the Committee which has the final say in approving the mandate of the delegates to Moscow. Second from left is General Sihvo, the Finnish C.-in-C. In Finland an anti-pact campaign has been in progress, and the Finnish Communists have been active in their protests against it

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

MR. AND MRS. CHURCHILL AT THE PALLADIUM—THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER VISITS THE DANNY KAYE SHOW AFTER HIS LABOURS AT NORTH CROYDON : Following a day of touring the South London constituency in support of the Conservative candidate in the by-election, Mr. Churchill and his wife spent a hilarious evening in the stalls at the Palladium and later went round to Danny Kaye's dressing-room and enjoyed a fifteen-minute conversation with the American comedian. Mr. Kaye, who has twice played before the Royal Family, is to give performances for the troops in both the British and American Zones of Germany. Last Saturday his Palladium fans gave him a rousing send-off after the conclusion of his final performance when they kept him on the stage for over two hours. Mr. Churchill's welcome by the audience was also vociferous

Waking Up Suddenly.—

That the events in Prague, from the coup to Masaryk's death, stabbed Western Europe broad awake, is made daily more apparent. In its way it is a pathetic feature. We associate with Democracy and Western Europe that "good, easy man," who dozes and dreams and hopes for the best and expects that it will be all right on the night. And when some event occurs which flings him out of bed, we are apt to deplore his past laziness rather than to admire his sudden conversion and windmill strokes. Nothing but Prague could have converted Benelux in a week from a mysterious portmanteau word into what its name suggests, a living torch of freedom. Nothing short of Prague could have produced in England what looks like a mild Communist heresy hunt, from the B.B.C. to organised Labour; what yesterday was regarded, in England at least, as a stunt of no importance is to-day accorded the honour of a hunt. Even Croydon obliquely acknowledged the influence of the newly-awakened bogy. There is always something rather vulgar in sudden 100-per-cent. conversions and the fanatical convert is often as dangerous and foolish as the ostrich. The useful citizen is the man who keeps his interest in, and keeps abreast of, current trends in politics, and can keep his head because he is not caught napping.

Death Before Slavery.—

Of Jan Masaryk I wrote only two days before his death: "If any one living man seemed to stand as the champion of democratic liberty, he was that man." The observation was drawn out by a report that he had wholeheartedly plumped for the Communist coup, that he would co-operate with the new Government and believed in its policy. And my reflection was Pilate's "*What is truth?*" Well, the truth, I fancy, was put by Mr. Attlee. Masaryk could not endure to live in the atmosphere of totalitarian slavery. He was a virtual prisoner at the time and the words attributed to him were just *Communist propaganda.* The "sickening technique" was perfected under Hitler; the new aggressor has nothing much to add to it. Masaryk's death will bring home to many optimists, ostriches and waverers just how bestial and lethal that technique is. Still, we may echo Pilate's "*What is truth?*"

De Gaulle.—

General de Gaulle at Compiègne, in a speech much more clear-cut than any he has made recently (and much applauded), announced his readiness once more to lead France back to salvation and greatness "as soon as conditions permit." Clear-cut as were his words, they did not entirely resolve my doubts as to whether the occasion was premeditated or had suddenly been grasped as a result of the "flash of lightning" from Prague. We all know he has been watching the Government of M. Schuman in its struggle for survival, anticipating that ordinary events would one day cause power to fall like a ripe plum into his mouth. One feels that that flash of lightning struck the bough on which the plum grew and forced the General to open his mouth wider and quicker than he designed. Is he quite ready? Is France quite ready for him? It is true that in his speech de Gaulle gave fairly warm support to the idea of a Western Union to include a German Federation. That is a significant advance in de Gaulle policy. But Englishmen may note that, while de Gaulle linked all such plans with the necessity for precise and explicit support, alike in economic recovery and in the field of defence, from America, he said nothing very warm about England nor made anything of the importance of closer Anglo-French relations. Indeed, the General has not in recent times come out very heartily as an admirer of England or as a believer in British influence in European affairs. It does not follow that under de Gaulle our relations with France would immediately grow closer. In that respect, I should regard him as a de Valera rather than a Costello. On the whole, I should judge that a majority of Frenchmen are not yet ready for de Gaulle.

Domestic Budget, 1948.—

The Chancellor's radio explication of his White Paper was all that it should be—lucid, frank, courageous and persuasive. There is only one point in his discourse which seems to justify a note of interrogation—his appeal for sympathy for the Government in the difficulties and fearful responsibilities forced upon it. There is no political bias in this. It is a characteristic plea by all Governments which get into difficulties. Men have short memories, pride and confidence are soon forgotten when trouble comes, and self-pity easily replaces overweening confidence. Three years have passed since that triumphant General Election was made a certain victory for Socialism by means of the most elaborate preparations, propaganda and political organisation ever set on foot to secure power for a party. The responsibility for post-war reconstruction was not *forced* on Mr. Attlee and his team. They went out to secure it by every means in their power; they were determined to have it and they opened their mouths in promises and guarantees about as wide as mouths will stretch. They got it and felt, no doubt, they could make a grand job of it . . . in the first few months. I find the words "responsibilities forced upon us" (or any phrase in that sense) not as crystal-clear nor as honest-to-God as was the remainder of Sir Stafford's discourse. *Tu l'as voulu.* "He won't be happy till he gets it"—and now he has slipped up on his cake of soap.

Self-Government for Scotland.—

There may be a good case for a Minister for Welsh Affairs, albeit there are now far too many Ministries, and most of them queering their neighbours' pitches. The Welsh are very different people to the English and the Scots in character and outlook. They think and feel differently on many vital subjects. Indeed, there are Continental nations more easily understood by Englishmen than are the Welsh. But the case for Scotland running her own affairs has for long seemed to me unanswerable; and if I were a Scot, I would sooner sit down under the petrol ban than surrender to leaving Scots affairs to be continually bungled by English maladministration and interference. I do not want to raise the hackles of the Scotophobes, nor to receive a batch of their bitter anonymous letters. No doubt, the grace and ease and plenty, the tolerance and courtesy and cheerfulness, which one finds in Scotland under present-day austerity are chiefly seen in the Highlands, where populations are sparser and extra meats and the fruits of the earth are still plentiful or more easily available for all to enjoy. Yet it is impossible to-day to visit Scotland and return to England without being shocked by the differences in favour of the Scots. Their genius for refusing to succumb to the letter of austerity regulations, and for so interpreting the *spirit* that cheerfulness and plenty, freedom and friendliness, efficiency and grace and leisure, still seem to be blessings within the reach of every man, stands out like a beacon in a fog. If I were a Scot, I would not endure being dragged down by the flabby octopus, which is central and local government in England to-day. I would not lie down in the English concentration camp or endure its ignominy any longer.

"Inside Information."—

As a "Newsletter" writer of long standing I am naturally interested in the apparently great commercial success of those private ventures which supply "inside information" on current events denied apparently to the Press or rejected by the Press on grounds of public policy. The success of these ventures is evidenced by their continual increase. In the past few months I have been inundated with offers to supply me (at a price) with the "real truth" about Government policy, with Budget secrets, date of the next General Election, and so on. The invitation comes to me in flattering terms. It is addressed to me (my name wrongly spelt) because I am recognised as a "Responsible Person." But the flattery is not reserved for me. The promoters allocate a large share to themselves and their team of sleuths. They have been right every time on every subject since 1939. Their backstairs approaches are secured. Nothing is hid from them. The minds of Ministers are an open book to them; they know Stalin's heart and have punched a hole in the Iron Curtain. They know "what actually happened back-stage." For a trifle of £2 or £3 per annum, I can have these secrets mailed to me ("exclusively") from half-a-dozen infallible sources. Why do I hesitate? The cost is no more than "a weekly glass of sherry," the prize a "private ear in those high places where the real decisions are taken." One question strikes me at once: Am I, indeed, so responsible a citizen that I may hear those inner secrets which in the opinion of the Editors of, say, *The Times* and the *Telegraph* it is not public policy to reveal? And if I am satisfied on that, am I satisfied that the inner secrets to be revealed are as authentic as the promoter's blurb assures me? The difference between my "Newsletters" and theirs is a staggering difference. They claim that the subject matter of theirs has never been wrong since 1939. I doubt if the subject matter of mine has ever been right. The odd thing is, both types of journalism have their regular readers.

Flowers for Mean Streets.

—Some time ago I recall writing a short appeal to SPHERE readers to send cut flowers from their gardens to brighten the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, E.2. Many responded and encouraged the Curator of this L.C.C. museum to ask for more, with a promise, if required to do so, to return the boxes. He writes: "Shoreditch is a very dreary district indeed, with less open spaces than any other area in London and, in addition, suffered very considerable war damage. We find that any displays of flowers we are able to arrange are very much appreciated by all those, both children and adults, who visit the Museum." Is this too remote an appeal, too oblique a benefit for humanity, in our present preoccupations? Good God, the lesson of the Flowers cries aloud to doomed civilisation. If every man "said it with flowers" to his neighbour, there would be no problems for wretched mankind. We should be cheerfully working together for good, with success assured. I don't think the Curator has opened his mouth too wide, or in vain.

THE OLD STAGER

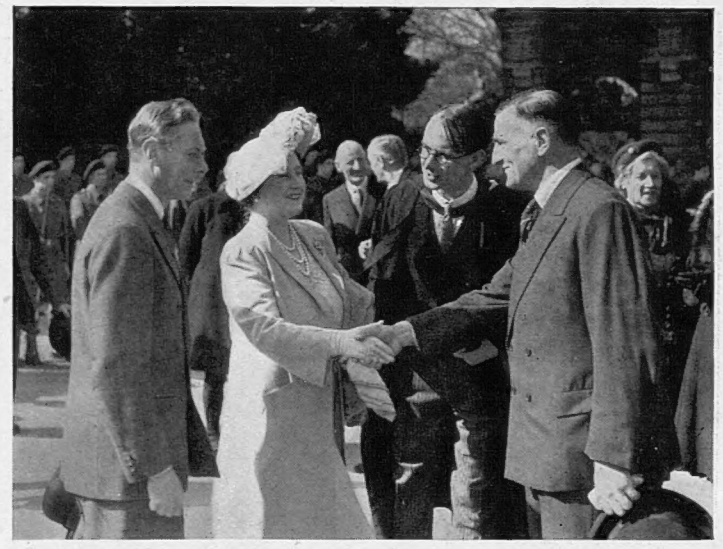
THE ROYAL VISIT TO MARLBOROUGH

Celebrating the Centenary of the College

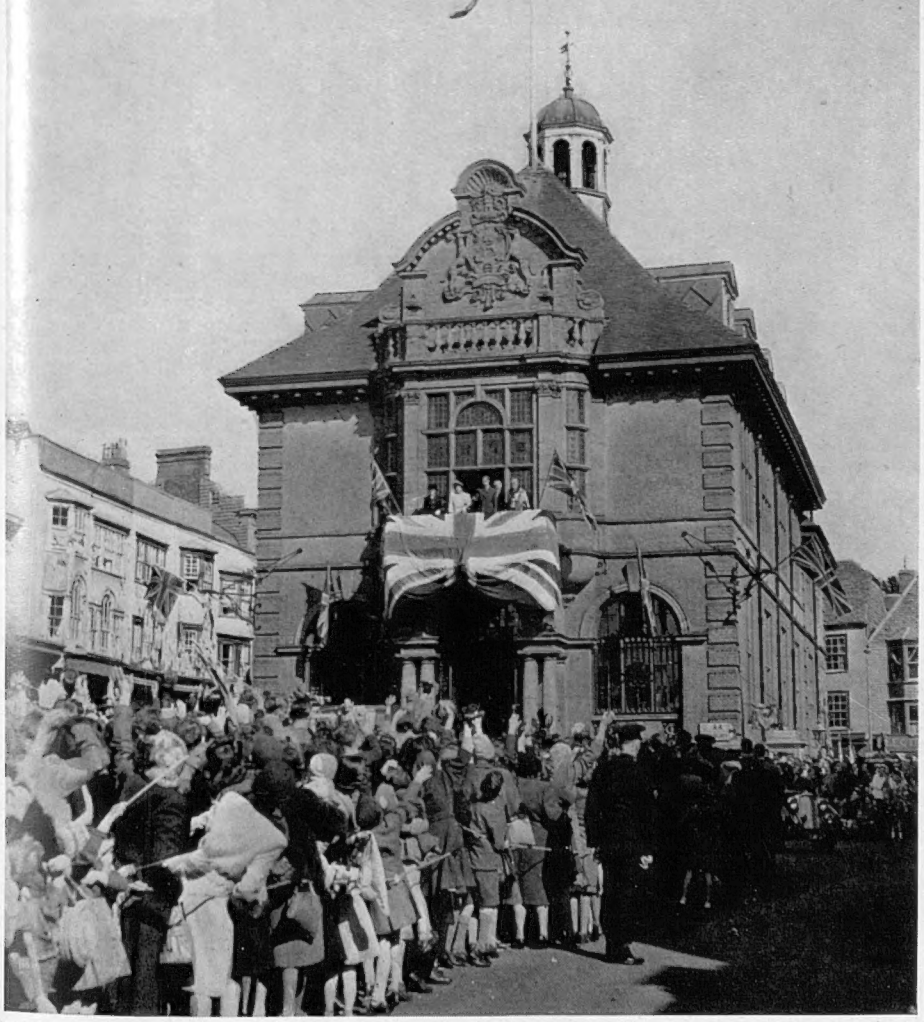
Marlborough College was founded in 1843 for the sons of the clergy, and ten years later it was thrown open for the sons of laymen. Midway between those two anniversaries the College officially celebrated its centenary last week, the celebration having been delayed by the war. On the occasion of last week's Royal visit, the King and Queen were received by Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, the College Visitor and an Old Marlburian. Also present were Lord Chancellor Jowitt, Sir Alan Lascelles (the King's Private Secretary), and Lord Chief Justice Goddard, all old Marlburians. The King and Queen had lunch in Hall, and afterwards took coffee with the College Council.

On the way home from Marlborough to Windsor the King and Queen made a brief halt at Hungerford, where the Constable of the Manor handed the King a red rose in payment of the tribute due from the town whenever a reigning sovereign passes through.

THREE CHEERS FOR THEIR MAJESTIES: The King and Queen being acclaimed by the boys of Marlborough as they left the College at the conclusion of their visit. The occasion was the delayed celebration of the centenary of the College, which was founded in 1843. Walking next to the Queen and on her left is Mr. F. M. Heywood, the Master



THE KING MEETS AN OLD NAVAL COLLEAGUE: The Master of Marlborough College, Mr. F. M. Heywood, is seen introducing the Bursar, Captain G. W. B. Hext, R.N., to the King and Queen. Captain Hext was a midshipman with the King when they both served in H.M.S. "Collingwood" over a quarter of a century ago



THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE BALCONY OF MARLBOROUGH TOWN HALL: Acknowledging the cheers of the great crowd which gathered in the square to greet them. This civic reception took place in the morning, and after it was over Their Majesties visited the College. This is the first time in history that a reigning King and Queen have visited the ancient borough together. On the return journey they called at Hungerford

WALKING THROUGH SCHOOL COURT: The King and Queen seen during their tour of Marlborough College. When this picture was taken they were on their way to "C" House. At the King's request the 742 boys of Marlborough College will receive a week-end holiday in the course of the coming summer term

PRAGUE'S DAY OF MOURNING

The Funeral of Foreign Minister Masaryk

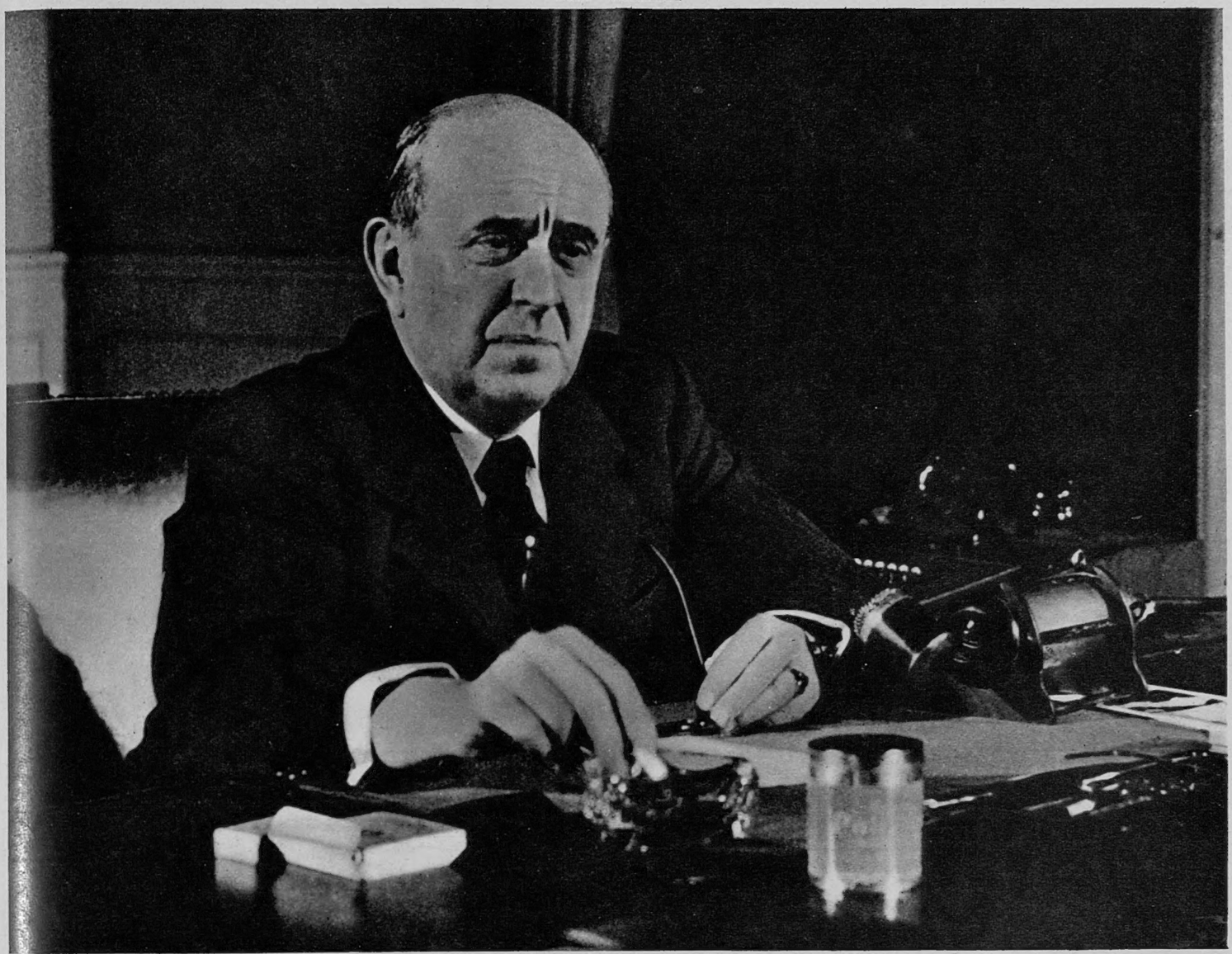
MEN AND WOMEN WEEP AS THE BODY OF JAN MASARYK IS BORNE THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CAPITAL: *Left*—A section of the great crowd which came to pay a last tribute to the Republic's Foreign Minister as the cortège passed through Prague for the ceremony conducted at the Pantheon. *Right*—The coffin being borne from the Pantheon, where the funeral oration was made, for the final journey to the National Cemetery at Lany. People came from all parts of Czechoslovakia to attend the funeral, and the unrestrained emotion of many of the country folk was plain to see

THE GRIEF-STRICKEN PRESIDENT: Mr. Benes, a bent and tired figure, leaving the Pantheon after attending the brief ceremony which included a funeral oration by Premier Gottwald and the singing of the Hussite hymn "Warriors of Faith"

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS MARCHES IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION: Representatives of foreign Powers walking through the streets of Prague to the National Cemetery at Lany. In the leading file on the extreme left is Mr. Steinhart, the United States Ambassador. Fourth from the left in the second file is Mr. Pierson Dixon, the British Ambassador

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF JAN MASARYK: The scene in the Cerninski Palace, where vast crowds came to pay tribute to the former Foreign Minister and the son of the first President of the Czechoslovakian Republic. So many people wished to file past that the square in front of the palace was soon thronged by the waiting thousands, and several members of the Diplomatic Corps were quite unable to get through

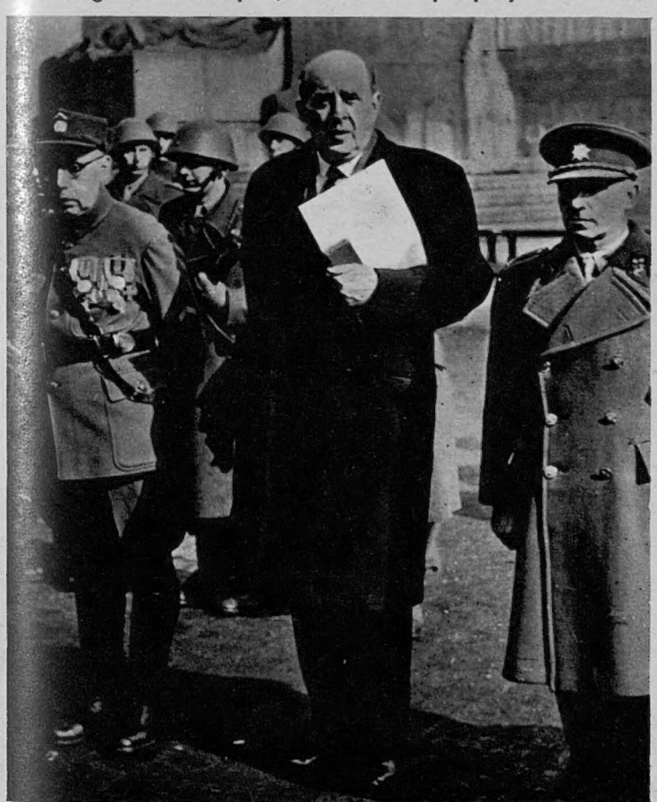
The funeral of Jan Masaryk was a day of mass emotion in Prague, of sadness at the loss of a much-admired figure, and sadness for Czechoslovakia's lost heritage of political democracy. There was no more tragic figure in Prague than that of President Benes, who appeared to be quite broken by the recent course of events. At the Pantheon, Premier Gottwald delivered the funeral oration, and once again repeated the charges that Jan Masaryk was a victim of the slanders and insinuations of the West. Later, at the graveside at Lany, the chief speaker was Mr. Clementis, who courageously faced the fact that "as a fighter for a better understanding between nations, Masaryk was not happy about what was going on in Czechoslovakia." After the Pantheon ceremony the funeral cortège passed through the thronged streets to Lany. In Wenceslas Square, and at other points it was noted that all windows were closed. This was by order of the police. This custom was unknown in Prague before the days of Heydrich, and has only occurred once since, when Tito visited the city.



JAN MASARYK, FOREIGN MINISTER OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN REPUBLIC, THE DISTINGUISHED SON OF THE REPUBLIC'S FOUNDER, WHO DIED LAST WEEK AT THE CZERNIN PALACE, PRAGUE: Mr. Masaryk's body was found beneath the windows of his suite of apartments from which he had fallen to death. The news spread swiftly through the Czech capital, and citizens wept openly in the streets

THE DEATH OF JAN MASARYK

When Jan Masaryk was the exiled representative of his occupied country in London during the war, he attended a discussion group on peace aims. After others had spoken at length his views were sought. "My aim is simple," he said. "I want to go home. And I want to be able at any time I like to ride in a tramcar down the Wenceslaus Square in Prague, and say I don't think much of our present Government." That in essence was the political philosophy of Masaryk explained in a homely way. Like his father, Thomas Masaryk, the man who became first President of the Czechoslovakian Republic carved from the wreck of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, Masaryk was a firm believer in political democracy. When the recent Communist coup occurred in Czechoslovakia, Masaryk appeared to take the least line of resistance, continuing as a non-party member of a Cabinet made up almost wholly of Communists and Communist sympathisers. Masaryk never seemed to despair during the war years, but the undermining of the democracy which his father had created was too much for him.



JAN MASARYK'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE: The Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister standing with soldiers of the First World War during the celebration in Prague on the ninety-eighth anniversary of the birth of his father, President Thomas Masaryk. The celebrations took place during the week-end just before Mr. Jan Masaryk's suicide

THE EMPTY CHAIR IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: Between General Svoboda, Minister of Defence, and Ludovic Lausman, Deputy Premier, was the seat of Foreign Minister Masaryk. On the table a wreath of roses and lilies was placed. During this first meeting after Mr. Masaryk's death, Premier Gottwald made no reference to the tragedy

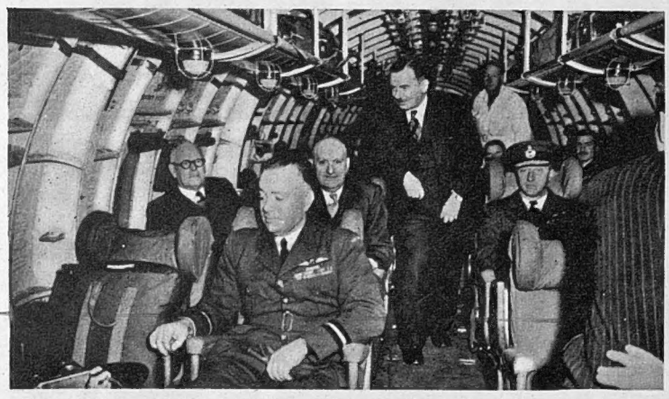
THE HASTINGS TAKES OFF FROM RADLETT AT THE START OF A 26,000-MILE FLIGHT: Britain's latest, largest and fastest transport, now standard in the R.A.F. for all long-range operations, leaving the runway at Radlett, Herts., as she set out for Australia and New Zealand via Malta, Habbaniya (Iraq), Karachi, Ceylon and Singapore. The flight, taking place under the ægis of the Ministry of Supply, is intended primarily to try out the Hastings under tropical and intensive flying conditions. The 26,000-mile Imperial tour will last six weeks. The Hastings, equipped for heavy military loads, accommodates such weapons as the 25-pounder anti-tank gun

INSIDE THE HANDLEY-PAGE HASTINGS: Looking forward from the navigation officer's quarters to the pilot's cockpit. The instrument on the right of the navigation desk is a radar cathode-ray tube. Cockpit space is small to allow maximum cargo space

THE HASTINGS ON AN IMPERIAL MISSION

The R.A.F.'s Long Range Transport on a 26,000-Mile Flight

In recent years Britain has had to rely for transport aircraft for air-support duties on machines of American manufacture, although certain adaptations of British four-engined bombers, like the Halifax C-VIII and A-IX, have done all that was required of them within their known capacity. Now at last British machines designed exclusively as transports have become available, and outstanding among these is the Hastings C-1, which has been ordered in quantity from Handley-Page Limited. The Hastings is now engaged upon an Imperial mission, and the present flight to Australia and New Zealand may lead to large overseas orders for this long-range craft, which is capable of carrying tracked vehicles and 25-pounder guns or, alternatively, fifty fully-armed airborne troops or thirty stretcher cases. The unrestricted stowage space in the fuselage indeed aggregates 3,000 cub. ft. On the present tour of 26,000 miles the Hastings is captained by Squadron-Leader H. G. Hazelden, the Handley-Page chief test pilot, and the crew includes representatives of the Ministry of Supply experimental establishment at Boscombe Down and the R.A.F. Transport Command



THE SPACIOUS FUSELAGE OF THE HASTINGS: Trying out the seating in the machine before she left Radlett on her Imperial mission was Air Commodore Buckley (New Zealand Air Force), and behind him were Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Sir F. Handley-Page. In the trooper-transport role the Hastings can carry fifty fully-equipped airborne troops

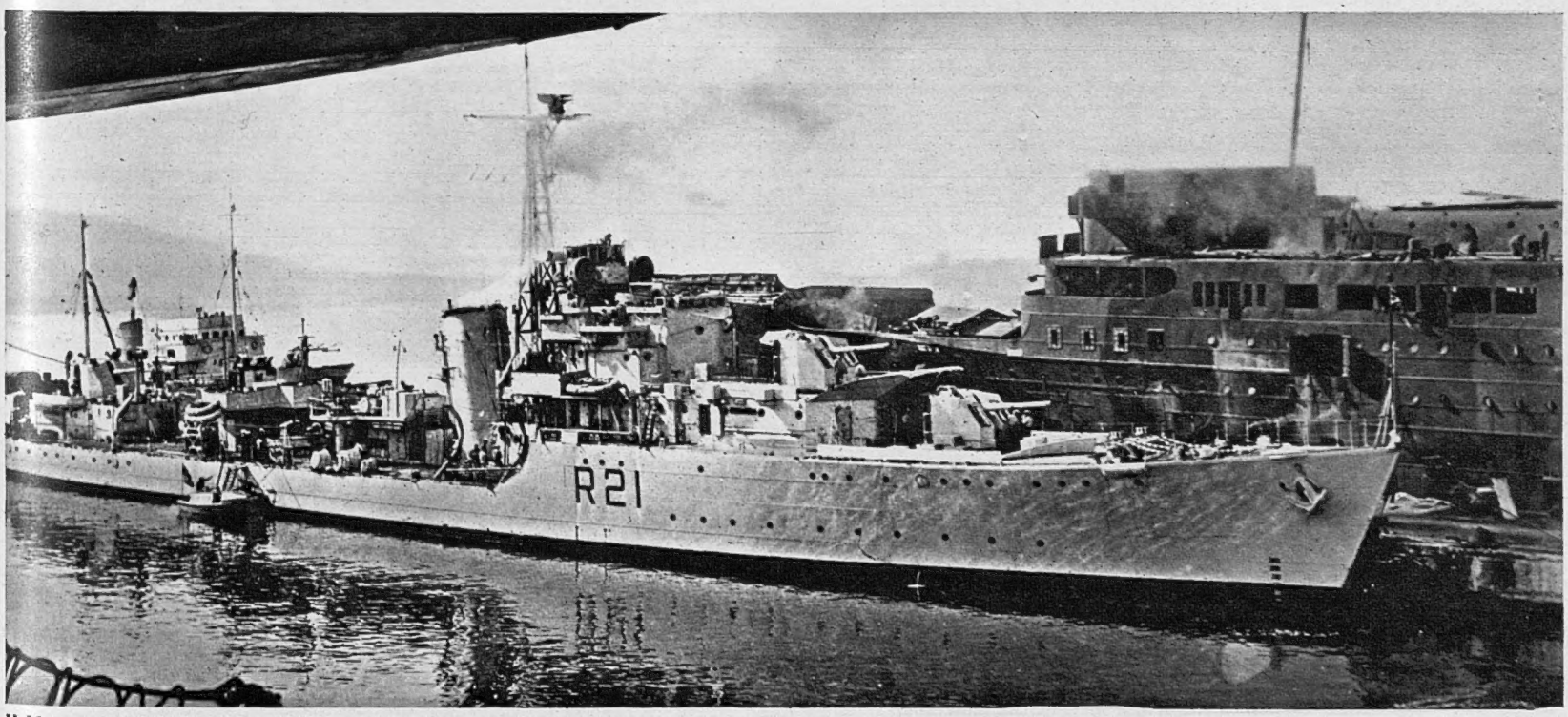
THE HASTINGS FOLLOWS ORTHODOX HANDLEY-PAGE PRACTICE: This view of the R.A.F. transport shows her clean design. The fuselage is of circular cross-section, and the low cantilever wing is very carefully faired into it. The fuel tanks are located inboard of the inner nacelles. Her four Bristol Hercules engines drive 13-ft. de Havilland four-blade airscrews. The maximum speed in level flight is 354 m.p.h. Cooling air is supplied by leading-edge ducts, which can be clearly seen

DESTROYERS—VINTAGE 1945 AND VINTAGE 1948

The "Chivalrous" in the Mediterranean and the "Crossbow" in the Channel

H.M.S. "CROSSBOW" IS ACCEPTED INTO SERVICE—THE NEW DESTROYER OF THE WEAPON CLASS BASED ON THE LESSONS LEARNT IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: Two aerial views of the 1,980-ton destroyer as she passed through the English Channel en route to Portland

Most of the Royal Navy news these days is of ships sent to the scrap-heap, laid up or sold. Of new battleship construction there is none. If new designs are to be prepared they will constitute a marked departure from the *Nelsons* and *Rodneys* we knew so well. Small warship construction continues on a limited scale, and the new Weapon class represented by H.M.S. *Scorpion*, *Battleaxe* (fitted as Leader) and *Crossbow* are obviously outstanding in their field. The *Crossbow* and her sister-ships have a displacement of 1,980 tons, a length of just over 341 ft., and an exceptionally wide range of action. The appearance of the *Crossbow* is unusual in that the tall, thin forefunnel is inside the lattice mast and the after-funnel is streamlined and carries two pole aerials. The armament consists of four 4-in. guns forward and two Bofors guns and four 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns aft. The *Crossbow* also mounts ten torpedo-tubes. The turbines are arranged in echelon, so that if a hit occurred in the engine-room the ship would be able to manœuvre on one set.



H.M.S. "CHIVALROUS" VISITS THE PORT OF TOULON—THE "C"-CLASS DESTROYER SEEN IN THE FRENCH NAVAL BASE DURING A COURTESY CALL IN THE COURSE OF THE SPRING CRUISE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: "Chivalrous" was completed in June 1945 at the close of the war in Europe. She has a displacement of 1,710 tons and is 20 ft. longer than the "Crossbow." Like "Crossbow," she has a latticework mast, but it is of rather different construction. "Chivalrous" has a designed speed of 34 knots. Vessels of her class are credited with having achieved 38 knots in the course of service

SHOWING THE ROYAL STANDARD OVERSEAS

Some Thoughts on the Australasian Tour. By FERDINAND TUOHY

NOTHING save a new line in body-bowling in the Test Matches can mar the Royal Tour in Australasia. The "climate" is all ready, here and 12,000 miles away. That stirring which draws the family together for counsel and comfort in times of stress and re-orientation.

"The enduring place of the monarchy in Britain and the Empire must be taken for granted. Its continued existence is another guarantee of stability, one that reaches out into the Empire and Commonwealth where all owe allegiance to the King." So are Americans told by Herbert L. Matthews, chief London correspondent of the *New York Times*, as he "assays the qualities that have conquered calamity in the past—and will do so again."

Yes, the Crown is the link, and before we go any further, let us see what it links.

THE COMMONWEALTH includes the United Kingdom, the Empire and the self-governing countries of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan and Ceylon. Also Newfoundland, the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia, and the independent States, governed under the advice of the British Government, of Brunei, the Malay States and Tonga.

THE EMPIRE comprises: Aden, Bahamas, Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia, Gibraltar, Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Gold Coast, Hong Kong, Jamaica, Kenya, Leeward Islands, Malta, Mauritius, Nigeria, North Borneo, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, St. Helena, Sarawak, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Singapore, Solomon Islands, Somaliland, Trinidad, Uganda, Windward Islands, Zanzibar.

Towards the end of the year or the beginning of 1949 the King and Queen and Princess Margaret will set off to span almost the longest distance to be found within the foregoing association of peoples. It is assumed they will sail in the battleship *Vanguard*, and, as the late *Empress of Britain* (42,000 tons) only scraped through the Suez Canal a decade ago, it is further deemed likely that their Majesties will voyage by Panama, the more so, in that this would have other advantages besides the physical.

While it is all wrong to call people "jackals," who want all South America for present citizens, no matter what were the circumstances or the time of their forbears' arrival, a mislaying of perspective has been evident among certain Latin Americans, and the passage in their vicinity of a famous British man-o'-war flying the Royal Standard should do no harm, particularly if it be grasped that behind her is the Royal Navy busy with its new look.

The Panama passage would take their Majesties through the Caribbean Sea and might be expected to evoke chords of loyalty and affection in the Bahamas, Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Jamaica, the Leeward Islands, Trinidad and the Windward Islands.

Again, the journey through the Canal Zone would bring the King and Queen within the United States' orbit, and this could only bring forth a new demonstration of that solidarity and mutual regard which now inevitably unite the two groups of peoples.

If Panama it should be, there will follow the long and landless three-weeks voyage to New Zealand or Australia, a good occasion to break off and consider the "pros" and "cons" of royal voyagings.

For—oh, yes—we shall hear the "cons," as we did over South Africa. We shall be told that this is not the time to flaunt majesty on the seas, that pomp is not of the period, nor the outlay of currency, every penny of which is needed to build up Britain. And behind such views will lurk propaganda to the effect that monarchy is a reactionary influence.

The first part of this argument is adequately met by the reflection that it is a Labour Government in Australia, and another in New Zealand, which warmly extends the hand of greeting to their Majesties, and that receptions and functions will be kept as "plain" as possible, in the case of Australia, guided by a Governor-General, Mr. William McKell, who was once a boiler-maker.

As regards outlay, *Vanguard* is already considerably fitted out for her special mission, while it is the host nation that foots most of the bill, anyway—the South Africans paid, I believe, something like £260,000 towards last year's Royal Tour. Just before seeing what we get for this, we and others, take the third cause of opposition—"monarchy is reactionary." Let those who say so, look around and see where there is more liberty to-day than under a constitutional monarchy.

And so to what is achieved by these Royal Tours, now, in this storm-tossed world.

They are the best means we have of asserting in a friendly manner towards all, that there *is* something in the British Commonwealth of Nations which *is* a free association except at certain points totally unready to protect themselves from others who would lose no time in pouncing upon them—to our hurt—if we departed precipitatedly.

They teach; indeed, they teach better than do costly implements of education. Who will deny having learnt more about South Africa, listening to our ace reporters of the late war, and seeing the Royal progress depicted on the newsreels against a South African background, than ever they learnt at school on the same subject?

They publicise the nation visited, thereby enhancing its prospects in the trade and commerce of the world. This time, next year, we shall know a lot more about Australia's 120,000,000 sheep, about her determination to expand industrially, about her wine and fruit; and about New Zealand's attractions and social pioneering, not to mention her 30,000,000 sheep.

These Royal Tours focus attention on the main questions agitating the nation visited.

They bring out in relief matters of defence—as the Australian building of a "Pacific Gibraltar" on Manus Island, north of New Guinea.

They prompt the *Melbourne Herald* to write: "The visit should have a special significance in pointing to opportunities in the Dominions for a brave movement of the British people towards a new life with promise of security."

A brave movement towards a new life.

This coming Royal Tour of Australia and New Zealand will be shot through by one word, and it isn't Emigration, but Resettlement. The peoples overseas are sick of the word "emigrant" and think in terms of settlers. I know this is an old story—two years old—but we have got to give a new turn to it, and my hazard is that the visit of their Majesties will provide the turning-point.

This is a story on the epic height. Nothing less than a proposal for a massive move of population from one end of the world to the other. It is surrounded by difficulties and hazards, as befits an elemental challenge to fortune. There is conflict of opinion as to whether the vast move from the United Kingdom is desirable, even if it were feasible down the decades. There is the grinning Know-all who says: "Don't worry yourself! War 's going to stop all this kind of thing, anyway!"

This last seems to me to be a miserable attitude. We may escape war, in which case the problem of population and exports will have to be faced. With firm and careful handling, the war menace may be staved off for . . . who knows how long? Long enough, perhaps, to allow for altering the populations of the United Kingdom and Australia, so that pressure at the centre of the Commonwealth is relieved, and its defence the better secured from outlying perimeter positions.

That is one of the arguments advanced by the Australians. They say that in any future war Britain's near 50,000,000 could not be fed, and that, even if they could be, the Commonwealth's main war-waging potential must be decentralised from a tiny island all too close to guided missiles. Mr. Caldwell, arch-apostle of Resettlement, thinks we can cope at most with 35,000,000, whereas Australia requires to increase from 7,000,000 to 20,000,000 if she is to keep an inevitably revived Japan at a distance. Even with the present target of 70,000 settlers-a-year attained, the population in 1980 would still be only 12,000,000. This figure would, however, mean an almost trebled industrial power.

In a letter to Mr. P. Noel-Baker, Mr. Caldwell proposes the emigration to Australia of "millions of Britons," and the building of a huge fleet to remove this "share of Britain's population." In addition, Australia offers to take over a share of Britain's national debt. To which comes present answer along these lines: "We do not hold with large-scale emigration because of man-power shortage. With a reduced population, it would be more difficult to maintain the smaller volume of exports necessary to our existence."

Yet the hovering Mr. Dalton is beginning to absorb the Australian viewpoint, while we must always bear in mind that the Australians are not alone in urging a "levelling off" of Britain's population in the next ten years. Canada is another forceful exponent on economic and security grounds.

Whoever is right, their Majesties and the Princess will be positive experts in Dominion Resettlement by the time they return to England near mid-1949. Meanwhile, the King and Queen have the further satisfaction of knowing in advance that their journey will do much to clarify the whole business from the standpoint of would-be British settlers.

If 400,000 are keen to go to Australia alone, none but will profit by further exposition of life and conditions there. Since the end of the war, over 20,000 have gone to Australia, and more than 10,000 to New Zealand, and, while the large majority have tuned in to the new life, the going has not been without surprises. At that there are more restrictions in New Zealand than in Britain.

[Since Mr. Touhy's article was prepared for press an official announcement has come from Buckingham Palace that the outward voyage for the Royal visit to the Antipodes will be via the Panama Canal. The Suez Canal will not be used for either the home or outward voyage.]

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER FAMILY: A photograph taken recently at the Duchess's residence, The Coppins, Iver, Bucks. On the left is Princess Alexandra (born December 25, 1936), and on the right are Prince Michael (born July 4, 1942) and Prince Edward, Duke of Kent (born October 9, 1935). Princess Alexandra, now in her twelfth year, acted as one of the bridesmaids at the Royal Wedding last autumn, and Prince Michael was a page with Prince William of Gloucester. The Duke of Kent, who will celebrate his thirteenth birthday in October, succeeded in 1942 when the first Duke was killed on active service in a flying boat disaster

A SHANTY TOWN BUILT LARGELY FROM BURNT-OUT BUSES : This street in the Toshima quarter of Tokyo has been erected by homeless citizens from derelict transport. The street contains a bookshop, a beauty shop, a bicycle repair depot, and a greengrocer's, and much ingenuity has been expended in building up the façades. A glance at the picture on the right of the page shows what lies behind these façades

IN TOKYO TO-DAY

Varied Aspects of Life in Japan's Occupied Capital

IN A CITY TEEMING WITH HOMELESS : The colony of discarded buses which provide homes in the Toshima quarter of Tokyo. Altogether there are thirty-six converted buses, and these ramshackle homes accommodate 320 people

LEARNING THE INTRICACIES OF THE JAPANESE DANCE : Mrs. Jane Larsh, wife of Richard Larsh, Feature Editor of the Pacific "Stars and Stripes" magazine in Tokyo, is shown (second from left) with Japanese classmates as she went through a dance routine at the Fujima School of Dancing, where she is studying. Mrs. Larsh is the former Jane Barlow, of Hollywood. She has appeared in several Hollywood film productions

THE PRINCE SMILED BUT HE DID NOT APPLAUD : Prince Takamatsu (right), third brother of the Emperor Hirohito, in conversation wi the Japanese actor, Kyoshi Takagi, who played the role of Ko Ko, the Mikado's son in the Japanese version of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan light opera "The Mikado"

"FROM EVERY KIND OF MAN, OBEDIENCE I EXPECT; I AM THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN" : Tadashi Kurimoto plays the title-role in the Japanese version of "The Mikado," which has been presented with great success in Tokyo. The opera was produced at the Ernie Pyle Theatre last year by Americans, but this is the first time that it has been done by an all-native cast. It was presented for three nights, and the Japanese audiences thoroughly enjoyed it, particularly the references to the Emperor, once considered divine by all sections of the community. There were many curtain-calls at the end of each show, demonstrations which are rare among Japanese theatregoers

DR. SAMUEL GREEN SAYS BLOOD WILL FLOW IN SOUTHERN STREETS : The Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, America's most notorious secret society, speaking to a gathering at Wrightsville, Georgia, held in protest against President Truman's declared policy towards the negro vote. The Grand Dragon predicted certain defeat for Mr. Truman unless he withdraws some of his statements regarding civil rights for the negro

The KU KLUX CLOWNS

A Gathering in Georgia to Demonstrate Against President Truman

THE GHOULS FORGATHER TO BURN A FIERY CROSS ON THE COURTHOUSE LAWN AT WRIGHTSVILLE, GEORGIA : *Above and below*—Two more impressions of the Ku Klux Klan gathering staged on the eve of the poll in the Democratic Primary Elections in Johnson County, Georgia. The Klan, which has been very active of recent months, is determined to oppose President Truman so long as he persists in his attitude towards negro rights. Klan supporters are said to be lobbying in Washington in the hope that Mr. Truman will not accept his party's renomination for the Presidency

THE NEW SUDBOURNE RISES FROM THE RUINS OF THE OLD: A section of the little Suffolk village, near Orford, showing cottages repaired and under repair prior to the handing-back of the village to its inhabitants. In 1942 Sudbourne, and the neighbouring village of Iken, were taken over at short notice by Eastern Command to serve as a battle school, and the whole area of 10,000 acres was soon transformed into one of Britain's most important military training-grounds. Now the area is being restored to the civilian authorities and civilian owners, and at the beginning of this month there were great celebrations in Sudbourne itself when the villagers took part in a "Welcome Home" following the restoration of their cottages

SUDBOURNE, THE AWAKENED VILLAGE

A War-time Battle-Training Ground is Returned to the Inhabitants

MRS. NICHOLS RETURNS TO THE OLD COTTAGE, SUDBOURNE: One of the first of the cottagers to come back stands at the door of her home. The brickwork is newly pointed and there is fresh thatch

VE-Day and VJ-Day were never celebrated in the village of Sudbourne. The people were scattered throughout the Suffolk countryside. The real end of the war for Sudbourne folk came one day this month, when they gathered in their village to hear Lord Cranbrook return it to them officially. To-day Sudbourne is an awakened village, with its homes bright with primrose distemper and new thatch upon the roofs. Down the centre of the village runs a new road constructed at a cost of £65,000. This is the Government's reward to the people of Sudbourne who evacuated their village in 1942 at a fortnight's notice. Among the villagers who have returned is Mr. H. Kersey, aged seventy-seven, who was banished to Boyton, three miles away, when Sudbourne became a battle-ground. "It was a foreign land," he says

LORD CRANBROOK WELCOMES THE PEOPLE BACK TO SUDBOURNE: The former Deputy Regional Commissioner for the Eastern Civil Defence Region, the man who sent the people away in 1942, addresses the "Welcome Home" gathering in March 1948

ARMY SALVAGE LITTERS THE LOW-LYING LAND AROUND SUDBOURNE: Part of the 10,000 acres of land where British infantrymen were trained before D-Day, using large quantities of live ammunition in the course of their exercises. The work of restoring the land is in full swing, and since last year the Ministry of Agriculture have had tractors preparing certain areas for cultivation. German prisoners of war have been helping with hedging and ditching operations

A PICTORIAL SURVEY of the FOREIGN NEWS

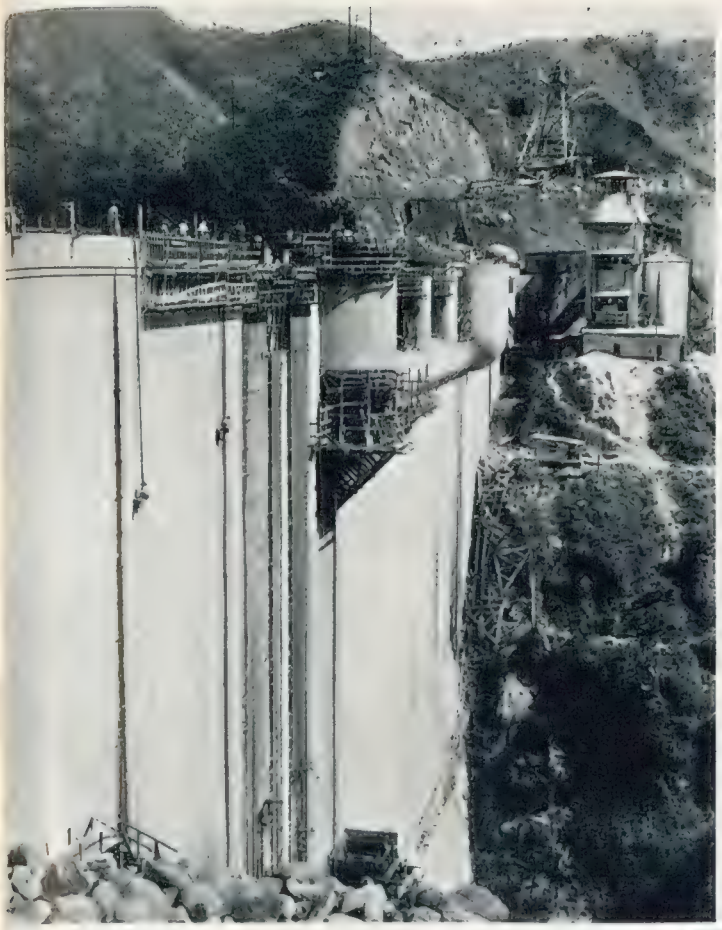
THE CHILEAN PRESIDENT IN THE ANTARCTIC: Señor Gonzalez Videla (heavily clad in a fur-lined coat) standing beside Vice-Admiral Daroch, Commander-in-Chief of the Chilean Navy, when they visited Port Sovreignty, Greenwich Island, and officially claimed this part of the British-owned Falkland Islands Dependencies as Chilean territory. In the centre of the picture are the President's wife and daughter, and on the left is a flag-draped bust of the Chilean naval hero Captain Arturo Prat. The bust was unveiled at the close of the ceremony, and later President Videla left for Graham Land (which he has now renamed Tierra de O'Higgins), also claiming it on behalf of his country

AFTER YEARS OF FOREIGN RULE THE DODECANESE ISLANDS ARE RETURNED TO GREECE: King Paul of Greece, accompanied by Queen Frederika, Crown Prince Constantine and Princess Sophia, taking the salute during a march-past of troops in the city of Rhodes. This was part of the elaborate ceremonial associated with the official incorporation of the twelve islands with the realm of Greece under the terms of the Italian Peace Treaty. Although nearly the whole population of 60,000 consists of Greeks of Ionic stock, the islands have known many masters. During the past 600 years they have been conquered and invaded by the Crusaders, the Venetians, the Arabs, the Turks, and finally the Italians. Italy used the Dodecanese as base during the war, and after her surrender in 1943 small Allied forces were landed on Cos, Leros and Samos, only to be overwhelmed in turn by German parachutists. It was not until May 1945 that the German garrisons surrendered to the British troops

THE REHOVOTH TRAIN OUTRAGE — AN ATTACK FOR WHICH THE NOTORIOUS STERN GANG ADMITTED RESPONSIBILITY: Two views of the wrecked coaches following the disaster which befell the Cairo-Haifa express on a section of the track north of Rehovoth. The express, which was bringing troops back to Palestine from leave or duty visits to Egypt, was mined in such a way that three separate coaches were blown up, the charges being placed at intervals along the track and being blown from a nearby vantage-point. Twenty-eight soldiers were killed outright and thirty-five were subsequently detained in hospital

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEWLY-CONSTITUTED CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CABINET: Premier Gottwald presiding over his new executive made up wholly of Communists and Communist sympathisers. On the left is Antonin Zapotocky, the Communist head of U.R.O., the Czechoslovakian Trade Union Federation. Mr. Zapotocky enters the Cabinet as Deputy Premier, and now becomes one of the outstanding figures on the political scene. On the Premier's left hand is Mr. Bohumil Lausman, Chairman of Czechoslovakia's Social Democratic Party, and beside him Mr. Ludmila Jankovcova, another leading Social Democrat and now Minister of Food

ANXIOUS DAYS IN HELSINKI AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE STALIN LETTER: The Finnish Prime Minister, Mr. Mauno Pekkala (centre), presiding at the first meeting of his Cabinet after the announcement that Finland's big neighbour, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, was seeking a Treaty of Friendship. An examination of the Russian proposal was made by all parties, who were asked by the Foreign Minister, Mr. Carl Enckell (left), to report back to the Cabinet. There appeared to be hesitancy particularly in view of the limited size of the Finnish defence force and the possibility of a treaty involving military commitments



PUERTO RICO LAUNCHES AN AMBITIOUS INDUSTRIAL PROGRAMME: Work in progress on the £2,000,000 Caonillas hydro-electric and irrigation project which will change the island's principal source of power from steam to electricity. The 230-ft.-high dam has been financed on a strict pay-as-you-go basis by the island's 2,000,000 population, and forms part of a £20,000,000 rehabilitation programme introduced by the Government. Puerto Rico, centrally situated in the West Indies, was ceded by Spain to the United States in 1898. Puerto Rico has representative Government, but the executive power resides in a Governor appointed by the President of the United States

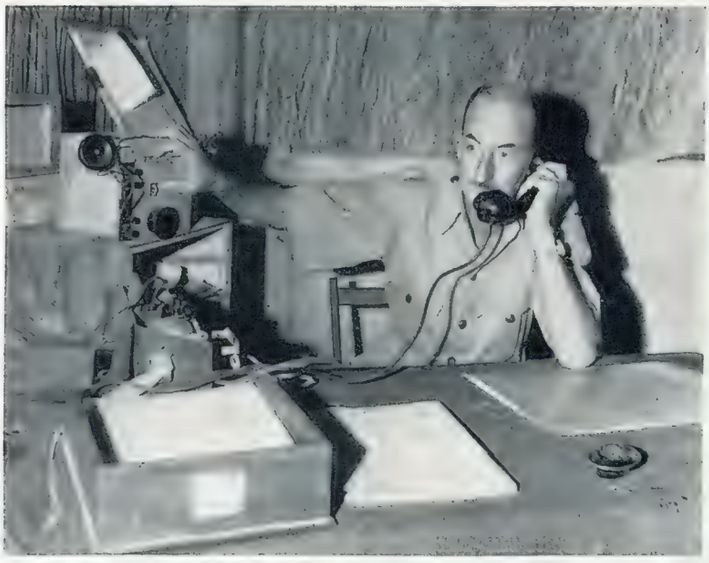
DIDMOTIKON HAS BEEN ISOLATED BY GREEK GUERILLA FORCES: An aerial view of the city which lies near the Turkish border and has had to be kept going with food and medical stores by air. Crowds are seen congregating near the largest open space where a ton of supplies has been dropped regularly since the guerillas set up their road-blocks on the outskirts. Ever since their defeat in pitched battle earlier in the year the Greek guerillas have been ranging far and wide throughout the north, concentrating and dispersing in a manner calculated to deceive the Greek Army which has been sent against them

EGYPT AND THE UNION OF SOCIALIST SOVIET REPUBLICS SIGN A BARTER AGREEMENT: Mr. Menshikov (left), Russian Deputy Minister for Foreign Trade, signing the agreement in the presence of Egyptian officials at Cairo. The agreement provides for the supply by Russia of 216,000 tons of wheat and 19,000 tons of maize in exchange for 38,000 tons of cotton. The Foreign Minister, Khashaba Pasha, declares: "The agreement will save Egypt from famine"

GENERAL DE GAULLE MAKES A BID TO ASSUME THE LEADERSHIP OF THE WEST: The leader of the Rally of the French People making his big speech in the main square of Compiègne, where he proclaimed anew the bankruptcy of the present regime in France and offered himself as the man to deliver the nation. His speech took place after a visit to Rethondes, where the 1918 Armistice was signed. His party organisers provided motor-coaches and a special train from Paris, but the speech itself fell considerably below the expectations they had engendered. In the course of his remarks de Gaulle claimed that the Communists should be deprived of the right to hold any position of responsibility. "The free nations of Europe," he said; "must join as an economic, diplomatic and strategic group, of which France has the duty and the dignity to be the centre and the key"

A NAZI WITH A STRANGE TALE TO TELL: Friedrich von Angelotti Mackensen, a former S.S. major, who claims he is a grandson of Field Marshal Mackensen, has cast doubts on the belief that Hitler is dead. Mackensen says that he flew with a large party, including Hitler and Eva Braun, from Tempelhof, Berlin, to Tondern, South Denmark, towards the close of the decisive battle for Berlin. Mackensen declares that after Hitler took leave of the party on Danish soil the machine in which he (Mackensen) was flying was shot down. As a result he was crippled for life

FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS THEY ESCAPED THE NET: Two well-known members of the Nazi Party who foiled the Allied Intelligence from 1945 to 1948. Frau Gertrud Scholtz Klink, whom Hitler once proclaimed to be his ideal type of woman, and her husband, S.S. Major-General Heissmaier, who have been arrested by American troops in the French Zone village of Bebenhausen. This picture was taken in front of the French military gaol at Tubingen after their dramatic identification. The couple have been living under the name of Stuckebrock, and have actually been cleared by a de-Nazification court



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LOCUST MISSION: Major John A. Davis, who controls a staff of 18 officers—all British—and 1,000 men—all Arabs and Sudanese—at his desk at H.Q. near the Red Sea harbour city of Djeddah. It has been the Mission's task to combat the locust menace in the Peninsula now recognised as the breeding-ground of this international pest. The Mission has been at work since 1942, helping to eliminate locusts in Arabia, Egypt, the Sudan and East Africa

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LOCUST MISSION IS ABOUT 30 MILES NORTH-WEST OF THE ARAB HARBOUR TOWN, DJEDDAH: When the Mission began its work in 1942, temporary tents were pitched, serving as office-rooms and dwelling-rooms. Then Major Davis asked for houses, laboratories and motor garages to be built, the Mission having become a permanent institution. However, the King of the Arabs, Ibn Saud, though highly appreciating the successful action of the Mission, refused permission to start building, for there was an old Arab law saying that he who wants to live outside the town walls must not build a house, but live in tents. Under these circumstances, the men of the Locust Mission have had to endure considerable hardship. They work in a bad climate, and have very few comforts. Very little fresh food is available

ELIMINATING THE LOCUST MENACE

The Work of the Locust Mission in the Middle East

HOW HEADQUARTERS KEEPS IN TOUCH WITH THE DESERT PATROLS: A wireless operator at work in the headquarters of the Locust Mission near Djeddah. The mobile anti-locust units are all wireless-equipped and make regular reports to Major Davis

There was a time, and not so long ago, when attempts were made to defeat the locust menace with flame-throwers, by spreading chemicals from the air, and by the building of traps. These mere palliatives had some results, but they did not go to the root of the problem. For over 2,000 years men have fought locusts in a haphazard way, but the first truly successful campaign is that which is now being brought to a conclusion in Arabia by the British Locust Mission. This campaign began in 1942, and in February of this year Dr. B. P. Uvarov, director of the anti-locust research, was able to report at a meeting in Nairobi that the locust menace had been eliminated in Arabia, Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia and East Africa. The cost of this Middle East campaign has been £5,000,000, but it is well worth even that colossal expenditure.

The headquarters of the Locust Mission is in the Arabian Desert near Djeddah, and the accompanying pictures show how the battle against the locusts has been fought on military lines, using the technique of modern desert warfare. The Locust Mission, composed of 18 officers and 1,000 men, all Arabs and Sudanese, has its headquarters to the north-west of Djeddah. It is a large camp, with offices, laboratories and motor garages, more than 400 special trucks being at the disposal of Major Davis. They are patrolling incessantly in the desert, remaining in contact with the headquarters through short-wave telegraphy. Consumption of petrol amounts to 220,000 gallons a year, and the annual expenses for the whole Mission are budgeted at £500,000.

The British Government intends to develop the Locust Mission into an international organisation, and negotiations to that end are now proceeding.

THE BUILDING MATERIAL THAT HAS NEVER BEEN USED: These stones and breeze-blocks were to be employed in building a permanent headquarters for the Locust Mission, but as a result of King Ibn Saud's interdict against building, the Mission has had to remain in a tented camp throughout its six years in Arabia

A LOCUST PATROL HALTS TO DEAL WITH A NEST: The locust battlefield extends over 900,000 square miles of sparsely-inhabited desert. This vast area has to be watched continuously, and ruthless extermination of all nests must be carried out. The Arab nomads play a big part in the work. They realise its importance and report to the patrols whenever they detect a nest. But for their co-operation, it is doubtful if the Mission's work could have succeeded

A LOCUST "NEST" IN THE DESERT: Such nests are exterminated by throwing to the locusts rough flour mixed with poison. It often happens that several small swarms of migratory locusts join to form a big swarm. The biggest swarm ever observed had a length of 52 miles and a width of 20 miles, and was 80 yards thick. A huge flying carpet! Locusts fly so close together that a swarm forms an impenetrable mass. The nomads do not exaggerate when they say that locusts are able to black out the earth in the midst of day

A VICTIM OF THE DESERT'S WEAR AND TEAR: One of the trucks of the Locust Mission in for repair after sixteen months in continuous service. Axles, springs and braking equipment were all in very poor shape after this highly exacting tour of duty

A POISONER-IN-CHIEF: The Arab leader of a mobile anti-locust patrol handling the mixture of rough flour and poison which is used to exterminate the locust nests in the desert

IN THE OFFICERS' MESS 80 PER CENT. OF THE MEALS COME FROM TINS: This picture gives some idea of the primitive conditions at the headquarters of the Mission near Djeddah. Major Battersby, the smiling, bearded figure seated towards the left, is the technical head of the Mission

BEFORE THE MENACE WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL: A member of the Locust Mission stands beside his patrol lorry as locusts swarm over him and over his vehicle. This picture was taken in the Arabian Desert in 1944 when a patrol encountered a swarm covering an area of 26 miles by 16 miles. Such swarms are not seen in Arabia to-day, thanks to the Mission's untiring efforts

AN INCIDENT IN THE SHEIK JARRAH QUARTER OF JERUSALEM—A JEWISH ARMOURED TRUCK AFTER IT HAD BEEN FIRED AT BY ARAB SNIPERS AND HAD BEEN DITCHED IN FLAMES: It is a significant commentary on the current state of war between Jew and Arab that even trucks which have been armoured against snipers do not always reach their destination. This one was the target of concentrated machine-gun fire. While being subjected to this the driver of the truck lost control as he was rounding a bend, and crashed into the wall at the side of the road. Arabs, who had been in ambush, then came out and lined up to shoot at the driver through the slits of the armoured plating. They then pulled the body of the bullet-riddled man from his cabin and burned it along with the truck. So serious has the convoy situation become that the Jews have used a wireless-equipped spotting plane to assist a convoy on the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road

ONCE A FINE MODERN LANDMARK OF THE HOLY CITY—THE JEWISH COMMERCIAL CENTRE IN JERUSALEM WHICH IS GRADUALLY BEING RUINED BY ARAB BLASTING: Almost daily comes news from Palestine telling of attacks by either Jew or Arab in the form of mining trains or blasting buildings. Jerusalem's £1,000,000 commercial centre is gradually being destroyed by Arab demolition teams, and although this form of attack is directed against the Jews, adjacent Arab buildings are suffering as much, or more, damage because of the size of the charges used by the teams. Empty Jewish shops in the centre are the main target, and there appears to be very little the police can do about it except to keep innocent bystanders from walking into the area when a building is being destroyed. This bombed building, from which smoke is seen pouring, is situated in a side street less than 100 yards from the British security zone and the American Embassy

THE ARABS ASSUME THE OFFENSIVE IN JERUSALEM

The Jewish Agency Disaster and Other Incidents

Although the British military withdrawal from Palestine has not yet gathered momentum, the conflict between Jew and Arab grows ever more violent. Since the plan for partition was announced, each side has been steadily preparing for the day when the rule of the British Government would come to an end with the handing over of the mandate. In 1946 and 1947 the Jews took the offensive against the Arabs, from time to time using the British as scapegoats, and for a long while the bulk of the news from Palestine was of Jewish aggression. Now the Arabs have turned to the offensive, with Jerusalem as the focal point of a sustained attack. In three weeks two major explosions in the Holy City have caused the death of over sixty members of the Jewish population. The first of these two tragedies occurred on Ben Yehuda Street, for which the British had to suffer reprisals, followed later by the blasting of the Jewish Agency. These outrages are supplemented by many minor incidents so frequent in their occurrence that they almost amount to a daily routine. The Arabs who, by means of blasting, are ruining the Jewish commercial centre of Jerusalem, are themselves suffering damage, as the force of the explosions is so great that the blast is affecting nearby Arab property. This does not deter the Arabs for one moment, and the police seem to be quite powerless in stopping it.

The employment of an Auster light aircraft by the Jews in assisting a convoy safely to its destination is the first recorded use of aircraft in this growing struggle. It remains to be seen for how long either side will refrain from using aircraft for the offensive.

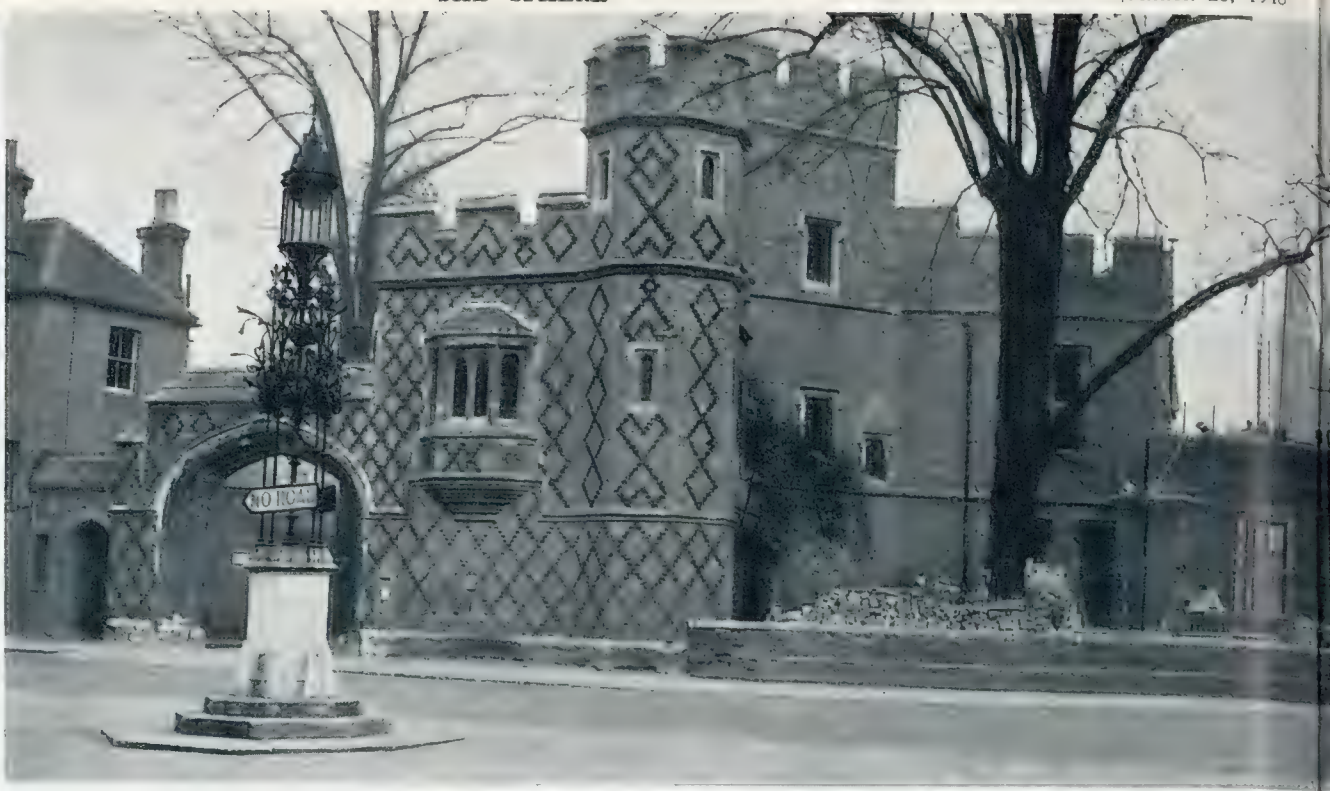
THE BLOWN-UP JERUSALEM HEADQUARTERS OF THE JEWISH AGENCY—SMOKE RISING FROM THE RUINS IN WHICH TWELVE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND MANY INJURED: According to a Jewish Agency spokesman the tragedy occurred when a United States consular car, which had been stolen earlier in the day, blew up in the courtyard. Jewish sources later alleged that they had arrested the driver of the car who vanished just before the explosion took place. Once again mistaken identity gave rise to rumours that the British had been responsible for the attack, but there were no reprisals on the scale that followed the Ben Yehuda Street outrage

THE WRECKED WING OF THE JEWISH AGENCY—ONE OF THE MOST HEAVILY GUARDED BUILDINGS IN PALESTINE: *Left*—The explosion ripped out two floors of the Jewish National Fund offices at the rear of the building and every window of the Agency was shattered. A bucket chain of fire-fighters and the fire brigades quickly brought the flames under control. *Right*—Casualties being taken away after the explosion. A Palestine Government spokesman said that the Jews cordoned-off the Agency building and refused admission even to Jewish policemen to investigate the explosion. British and American correspondents who had entered the courtyard were rounded up by Haganah and detained in a room for an hour, one British correspondent being detained for several hours

ETON REBUILDING, OXFORD REPLANNED

And Other News of Architectural Interest

Lupton's Tower, which is seen in the background of the picture of Eton reproduced on the right, was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century when Lupton was Provost, and it is contemporary with, and in the same style as, Wolsey's work at Hampton Court and Henry VIII's at St. James's Palace. The bomb damage repairs are going ahead rapidly at Eton, and there will soon be no more than a trace left of the ravages of 1940. On the right of the picture is the Upper School, built about 1690, and on the left is the Lower School completed not later than 1500



REPAIRING WAR DAMAGE AT ETON—THE GAP CREATED BY ONE OF TWO DELAYED-ACTION BOMBS completed by the Fourth of June, Eton's day of days. The unique view of Lupton's Tower, seen from

THE COVERED WAY AT GREAT TANGLEY MANOR : This wooden bridge leads from the drive to the front door, crossing the moat en route, at Lord Sysonby's historic Guildford home. The famous manor is shortly coming under the auctioneer's hammer

ELEGANCE IN BLACK-AND-WHITE : The Tudor south front and forecourt of Great Tangley Manor, Guildford, which is shortly coming up for sale. The manor, standing in 121 acres, was mentioned in Domesday Book, and it has numbered among its owners both William the Conqueror and King John. Some of the windows of the manor still retain their original Elizabethan glass, and the interior is richly panelled in oak. Lord Sysonby, the present owner, was a Commando during the War. In 1936 he married Mrs. Sallie Monkland, an American

On left—**A CONTROVERSY OVER THE REPLANNING OF THE CITY OF LOST CAUSES : A view of Oxford from Magdalen Tower, looking west across Merton Field, where Mr. Thomas Sharp in his report to the City Council has proposed a by-pass road. The proposal for this new road has aroused a storm of controversy.** It forms part of Mr. Sharp's plan to disentangle the university area from the grip of the commercial and industrial activities which have been slowly strangling it for many years. The proposed by-pass would run on the near side of the avenue of trees known as the Broad Walk (extreme left of picture) and would link the Plain with St. Aldate's below Christ Church, the towers of which can be seen in the middle distance. Several critics declare that the by-pass would mutilate the Broad Walk, and in letters to the Press they have leapt forward with alternatives to Mr. Sharp's plan. For the general plan for Oxford there has been a wide measure of acceptance, and many feel the university will regain some of its old individuality

S NOW BEING FILLED IN: It is expected that the work will be
he roadway for the first time for hundreds of years, will disappear

WHERE BULWER LYTTON WROTE THE "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII": Renovation work in progress at No. 36, Hertford Street, on the corner of Stanhope Row, Mayfair. No. 36 was the home of Bulwer Lytton from 1829 until 1838, and it is known that he wrote five of his novels there, including "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi." In the same street lived Earl Grey of Reform Bill fame, and Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley

A TITHE BARN MAKES THE IDEAL SCHOOL HALL: Repairs have just been carried out to the roof of this fifteenth-century barn at Sturry, near Canterbury. The barn is used as a gymnasium by the Junior King's School, Canterbury, and is particularly popular for badminton and roller-skating. School Shakespearean plays have also been presented there

On left—**PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S LONDON HOUSE: A special "Sphere" drawing by Percy Home, showing the position of Clarence House, which is now being prepared for Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. Clarence House was built in 1825 for the Duke of Clarence, who later became King William IV, and it then passed into the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son. On the Duke of Edinburgh's death it went to Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth's great-great-uncle. Clarence House has a fine outlook across St. James's Park.** This view shows the main entrance, with St. James's Palace on the left and across the road on the right Stafford House, the London Museum, which was badly damaged during the war. Clarence House suffered severely from bomb blast, and this is now being repaired. The house should be ready for occupation by the time Prince Philip has finished his six months' staff course at Greenwich. At present, while the Royal couple are in London, they live at the Kensington Palace apartments of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, now in Africa

Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

GROSVENOR SQUARE PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL : An overhead view of the site where on April 12 the King will unveil the statue to America's wartime President in the presence of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Sir William Reid Dick, the sculptor, has lately visited the Lambeth foundry to inspect the bronze casting of his work. In Grosvenor Square the constructional work on the plinth is completed, the turf is laid and the flower-beds are ready for their massed daffodils. Replacing the iron railings round the square is a miniature yew hedge. This has already grown to 2 ft. of its maximum height of 3 ft. On April 12 the Pilgrims are giving their biggest dinner since before the war Mrs. Roosevelt will be guest of honour

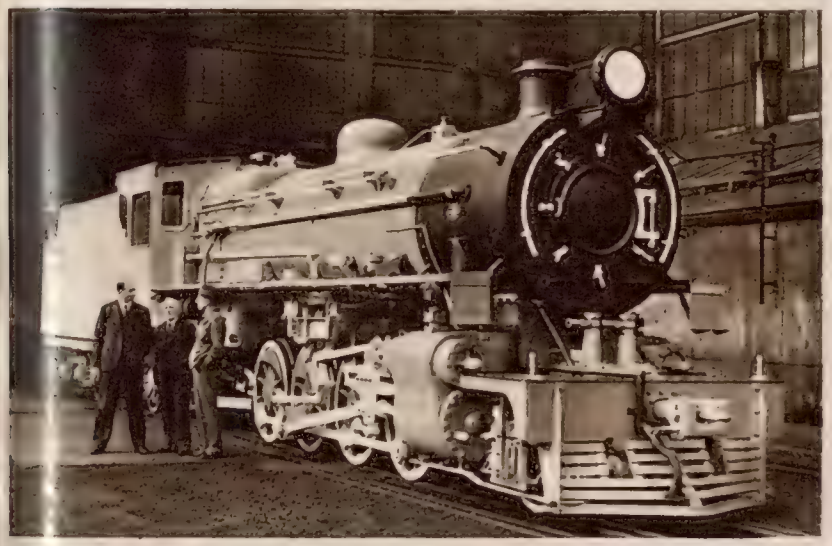
PETER SCOTT LOOKS OUT OVER THE SEVERN MARSHES : With a powerful pair of binoculars the Director of the Severn Wildfowl Trust is engaged in studying the winter flocks of wildfowl arriving at the River Severn Marshes near Slimbridge, Gloucestershire. His strategic position is the specially constructed top floor of an anti-invasion pillbox, fitted with narrow slits for observation. The object of the Trust is to watch the flocks at very close range, often no more than 5 yards; to catch and ring wild ducks in an ancient decoy pool, which has been put into working order for the further study of migration, and to maintain a comparative collection of live waterfowl. This latter collection, although begun less than two years ago, is already probably the best of its kind in existence, including some seventy kinds of waterfowl from all over the world. During a recent week-end in March, Peter Scott recorded the presence of about 2,200 wild duck at Slimbridge

A SKULL 400,000 YEARS OLD FOUND IN THE WEST COUNTRY : A remarkable find dating from the mid-glacial period. Kent's Cavern, Wellswood, Torquay, has yielded much data and scientific knowledge during the past century; it has been visited and explored by leading archæologists over a period of 120 years. Latest find is an exceptionally fine specimen of a cave bear's skull, the best example yet from there, and estimated to have belonged to a mid-glacial period known as the Chellean; this places it as between 350,000 to 400,000 years old. The skull, which is shown in this picture in position, was found in a passage approximately 700 ft. from the entrance to the caves, in the lowest floor deposit known as the Breccia

THE VILLAGE OF PICKWICK COMES UNDER THE AUCTIONEER'S HAMMER : A view of the little main street with its gabled houses of richly mellowed stone and brickwork. It was announced at the beginning of the month that Pickwick would be offered at auction in twenty-seven lots. It is probable that from the village Dickens obtained the name for the inimitable character in his first novel. It is known that Dickens passed through Pickwick during a visit to the West Country in his young manhood. Pickwick, which has no church of its own and is really part of Corsham, lies on the road between Chippenham and Bath. It was the birthplace of Moses Pickwick, proprietor of the Old Bath Coach Inn, and owner of the London to Bath coaches

THE SOLENT EXPRESS IS PUT INTO SERVICE: Lorries going aboard the M.V. "Farringford" at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, before the vessel left on one of its five daily journeys to Lymington, Hants. This Diesel-electric passenger and motor-car ferry has been named after Tennyson's home near Freshwater Bay and will be the largest and best-equipped vessel ever employed on this service. Built by William Denny and Bros., of Dumbarton, the *Farringford* is designed to carry 320 passengers and 32 cars, or 800 passengers without cars. In 1947 a record traffic was carried to and from the Isle of Wight by the Lymington-Yarmouth service. Over 360,000 passengers crossed by this route, which was 60 per cent. in excess of 1938. The number of motor vehicles carried rose to over 32,000—an increase of more than 600 per cent. on 1938. The *Farringford* was built to meet this expanding traffic. She has spacious first- and third-class lounges and buffets fitted with large window-space. Vehicles can be driven on or off without turning, as the vessel is a double-ended ferry fitted with hinged gangways at each end of the car deck

FRANCE HONOURS A BRITISH COMMANDO LEADER: Lord Lovat being decorated by the French Ambassador in London, M. René Massigli, when he was invested as an officer of the Legion of Honour and presented with the Croix de Guerre with Palm. Lord Lovat commanded the 1st Commando Brigade during the war, and attached to that unit was the 1st Battalion French Commandos (Fusiliers-Marins). Lord Lovat, it may be remembered, played a distinguished part in the Dieppe raid, when his men scored a success on the right flank



TO HULL "THE GROUNDNUTS EXPRESS" THROUGH THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA: Mr. Strachey (left), the Minister of Food, and Sir Robert Young, M.P. (centre), standing beside the locomotive "River Niger," one of twenty engines now being made at the Vulcan Foundry, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, for the Nigerian Railways. The locomotives will run from Kano (700 miles up-country) to the port of Lagos, and will play a vital part in the operation of the African Groundnuts Scheme, now being implemented by the Colonial Office to increase Britain's fat ration. Last year only 210,000 tons of a crop of 305,000 tons were moved to port, but the new locomotives should create a marked improvement in the situation. A similar groundnuts scheme is under way in East Africa, and arrangements are also being made to improve transport

A MAYORESS MILL-WORKER DOES HER STINT: The Government drive to recruit women into part-time work in the textile mills is now beginning to show encouraging results. In Halifax, Yorkshire, business women are lending a hand by working part-time in the mills, many of them on night shifts. In this picture the Mayoress of Halifax, Mrs. Marjorie Buckley (wearing coloured overall) and Mrs. Margaret Clawer (wearing glasses) are seen being given a few hints by Mrs. Winifred Crowther (facing camera), for twenty-five years a textile worker, when the two recruits started work on a hank winder

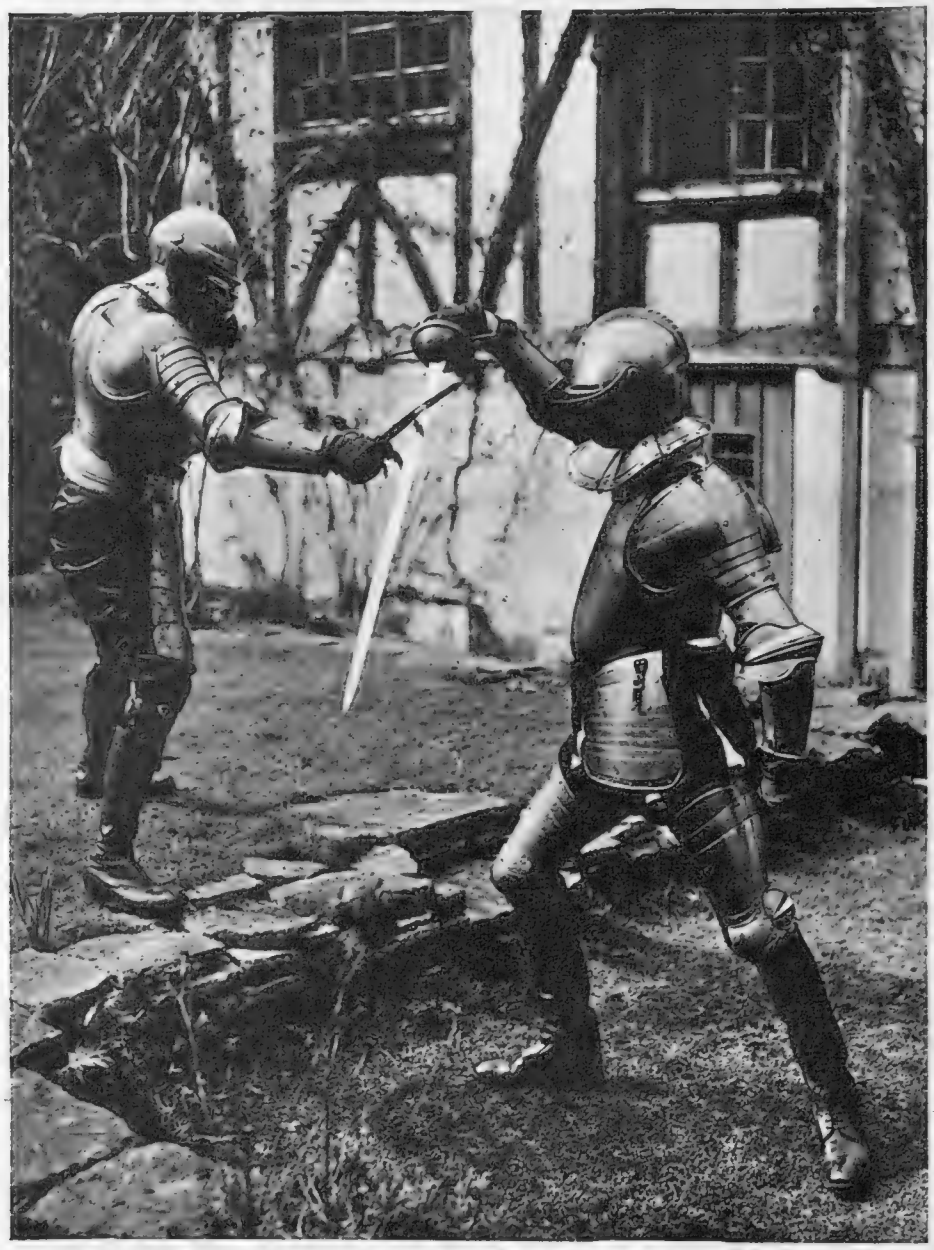
THE SPINNING VICAR: The Rev. Geoffrey Keable, of Lower Halstow, Kent, is never at a loss for a length of cloth for a new suit—he weaves his own. An expert weaver, he has his own loom and spinning-wheel set up in the vicarage, where he produces beautiful, brightly-coloured scarves and cloth. Two recent examples of his work are seen on the stool in the foreground

BACK TO THE DAYS of the TOURNEY

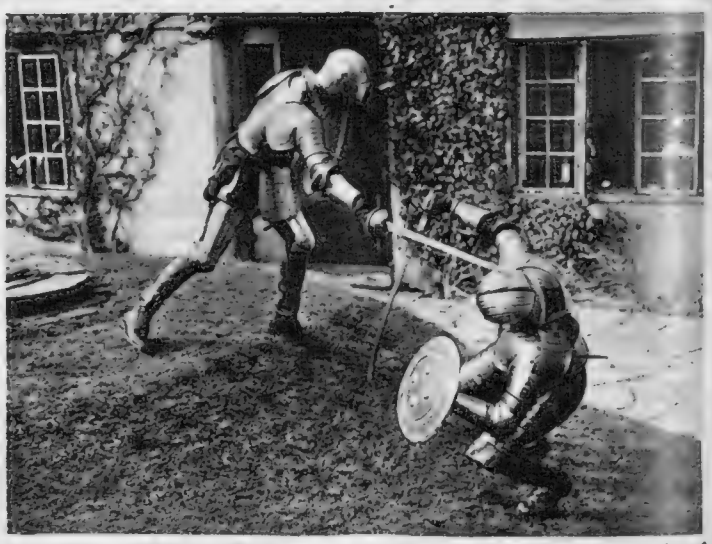
Two Exponents of Mediæval Combat Meet in Battle in the New Forest

G. K. Chesterton, probably more than any man of the twentieth century, longed for the return of the days of the tabard and the tourney and all the panoply of the joust. He was not alone, by any means, and another author, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, kindled the imagination of youth with his mediæval historical romances. One of those youths was his son, Adrian Conan Doyle, who to-day, grown to manhood, delights at his New Forest home in practising the art of mediæval combat with his friend, Captain Ash. Adrian Conan Doyle believes, indeed, that jousting can be revived on an international scale, and he is going to Italy shortly to meet other interested parties. Once started, he hopes the spirit of chivalry will spread through Europe, but with armour at at least £100 a suit it would seem that jousting will only be a trifle less expensive than polo.

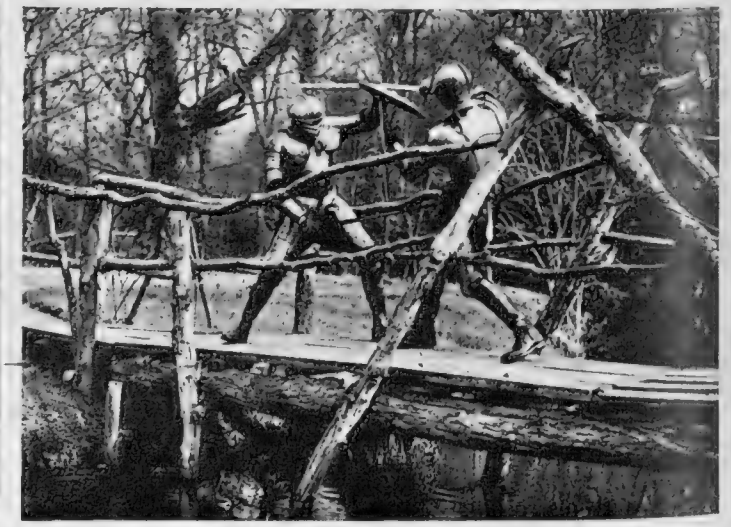
"AND DAMNED BE HIM WHO FIRST CRIES 'HOLD, ENOUGH!'": Adrian Conan Doyle (left), son of the celebrated novelist, and his friend, Captain Ash, wearing full armour when engaged in mediæval combat on the lawn of Mr. Conan Doyle's house in the New Forest. These keen exponents of mediæval combat are anxious to revive the art in Britain, and throughout Europe, believing that it develops "a spirit of virility and independence"



SOME MORE CUT-AND-THRUST FROM BRITAIN'S CHAMPION EXPONENTS OF MEDIÆVAL COMBAT: Mr. Conan Doyle and Captain Ash in one of their daily duels. "It is no more ridiculous for us to do this," declares Captain Ash, "than for people to howl their lungs out watching hirelings kicking a leather pudding about the field"



A LOVELY CLOUT, SIR! Captain Ash gets the upper hand of Conan Doyle as he brings his sword down upon his helmeted head



"YOU CROSS AT YOUR PERIL, CAPTAIN ASH": Here they are again, still at it with sword and shield. Captain Ash is on the right and "Horatius" Conan Doyle is stoutly defending the bridge

EARLY WORK ON A MODEL WHICH WILL TAKE FOUR MONTHS TO COMPLETE: Hugh Mulholland of a Glasgow model-making firm, hollows out the hull of a model twin-screw Clan liner. From scale drawings provided by the shipbuilders, a laminated block of wooden planks is built to form the hull. It is shaped first by a bandsaw, later by hand. The hull is hollowed and planked over, and the bridge, superstructure and external fittings are added. Some of these models contain more than 300 parts, each of which may be made of up to ten components. They are correct in all details and accurate to a thousandth of an inch. An example of the astonishingly fine work produced by this firm is in the mast of one of their models. There are thirty-six rungs to the ladder of the mast; each rung is less than a quarter of an inch long and one-sixty-fourth of an inch in diameter, and each has to be soldered separately to the ladder. A 4-ft. model ship takes about four months to complete and costs about £300

A CRAFTSMAN ADMIRES HIS HANDIWORK: A motto on the door of this model-making firm reads: "It's not the hours you put in that count, but what you put into the hours"

CRAFTS and CRAFTSMEN

Possibly the oldest man at his craft in the country is Montagu Odd, who still works twelve hours a day making and repairing cricket bats for the coming season. He learned the craft from his father, Amos Odd, and has taught it to his two sons. During the war they were serving in the Forces and Mr. Odd carried on single-handed. It is many years now since the Odds grew their own willows, locally. Sutton has grown and the timber now comes from farther afield. There is nothing to equal the English-made bat of English willow, and a large proportion of those made must go to help the export drive. The result is a shortage here, especially among the small sizes for boys

THE BIRTH OF A CRICKET BAT: Seventy-nine-year-old Montagu Odd setting and marking out clefts on a "round" ready for splitting. Odd has produced hand-made-to-measure bats for 68 years

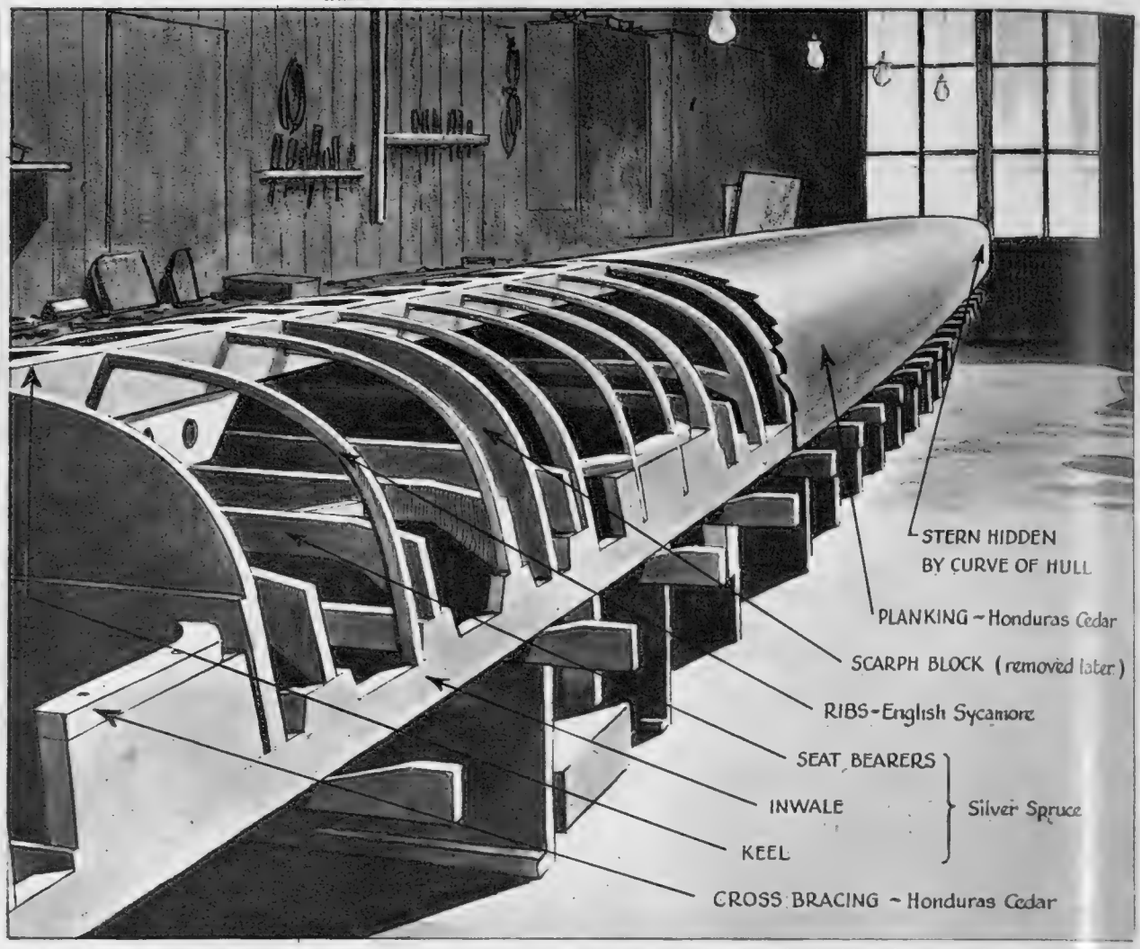
IN HIS SUTTON WORKSHOP, MR. ODD IS "DRAWING" A CLEFT: The clefts hanging from the ceiling are there for seasoning. W. G. Grace had a bat made to measure by Montagu Odd

RE-BLADING AN OLD BAT: Extreme accuracy is necessary in sawing out a handle for re-blading. Many cricketers send their bats to Montagu Odd for re-blading, as they prefer to keep the original handle

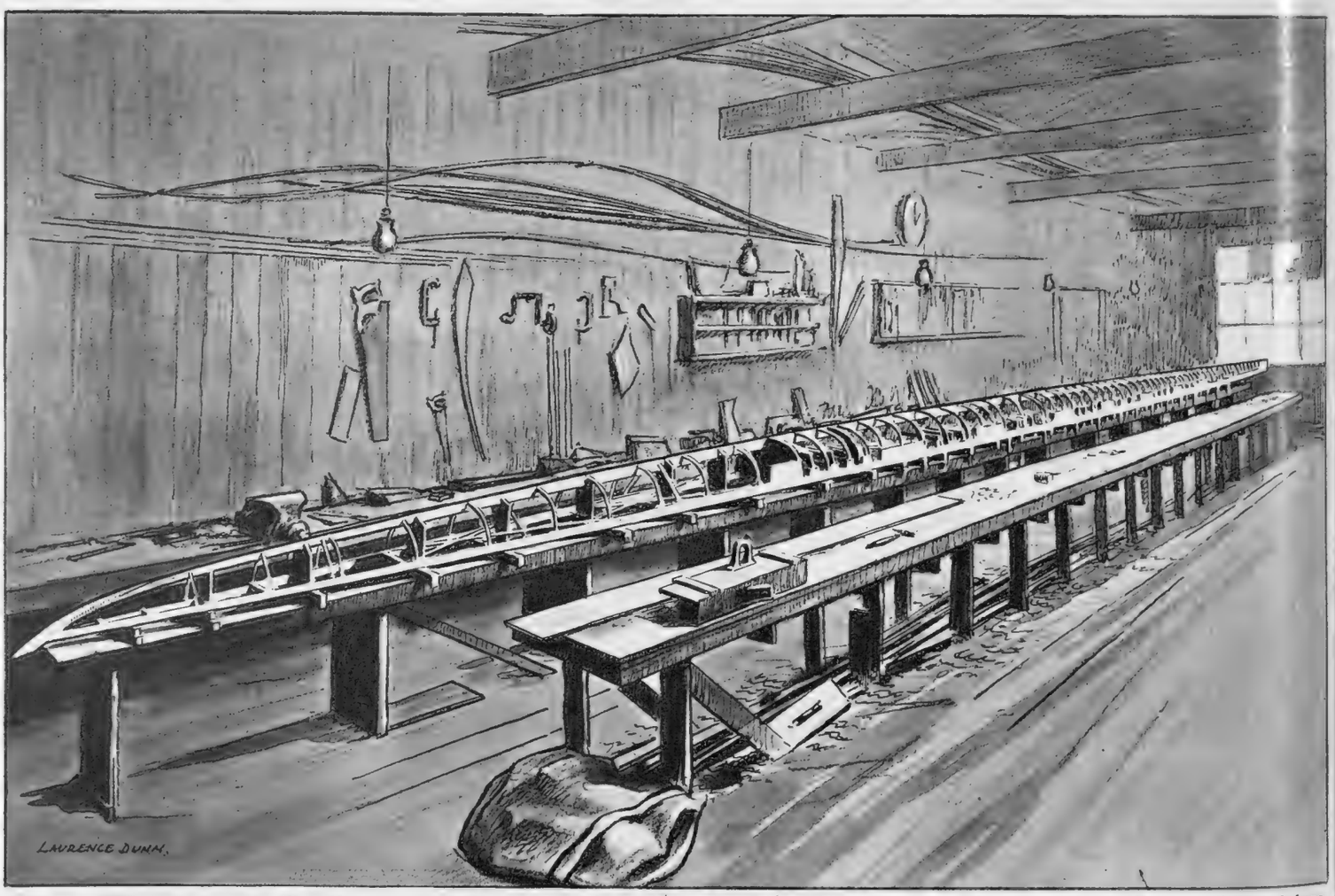
BUILDING CANOES FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES: The veneer is dipped into water and, using an angle iron, steamed by pressure to fit the shape of the keel. The Olympic canoe models are built to a specific international design (length 17 ft.; weight 26 lbs.) and are of a type never before made in this country. They are made of Honduras mahogany veneers and the frames of the canoes are ribless. Extreme strength and durability are produced solely by the glued, overlapping veneers. The firm making these new canoes is Jicwood, Ltd., of Chertsey, who, during the war, made the wooden shell which formed part of the one-man submarine. Their new project may well prove a valuable export and, if they could be mass-produced, would be of a very reasonable cost

MOULDING THE VENEER UNDER HEAT LAMPS: The great strength of these canoes is due entirely to the glued, overlapping veneers. In the process shown above, the heat is provided by infra-red lamps while the veneer is pressed by hand to the form required

INITIAL STAGES IN CONSTRUCTING THE CAMBRIDGE RACING BOAT: Building the craft for the Light Blues at the Hammersmith workshops of George Sims. In the top drawing the inwales have been laid down, forming the deckline. After that the keel is wedged firmly in position and the intricate cross-bracing fixed in the manner shown in the second drawing



THE BOAT BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE: The main interior work has been finished and planking has now begun. In actual practice the temporary keel supports stay in position until the boat has been completely planked and turned right side up, although for the sake of clearness they have not been shown in the drawing. The planking, which is 3-16ths of an inch thick, is joined at the centre of the keel and is sufficiently wide to reach in one piece up to the inwales. The lengths of planking join at the scarph block, but to show more of the framing, part of the skin has been diagrammatically cut away. The cost of the boat is £350, nearly treble the pre-war price, and it is subject to purchase tax



WHERE UNIVERSITY BOATS HAVE BEEN BUILT FOR CLOSE ON HALF A CENTURY: A general view of the new Cambridge racing boat in the Hammersmith workshops of George Sims. The craft is 62 ft. 6 ins. in length, leaving only a few inches clearance at each end of the building. The beam is 24 ins. and the depth 10 ins. No drawings or plans of any description are used in the construction of these boats. The Oxford craft, also built here, was delivered on February 20 and is of exactly similar dimensions. That for Cambridge was due to be delivered on March 8. The cost of each boat, £350, is less than one-eighth of the total cost of staging the University Boat Race. The total boat-race expenses of the two Universities are estimated at approximately £3,000

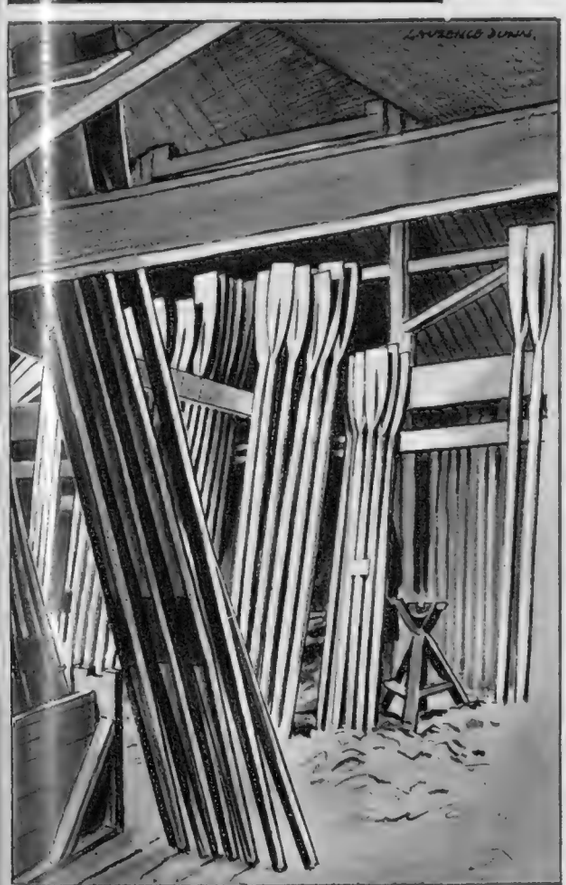
BUILDING THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT

Diagrammatic Drawings by Laurence Dunn Depict the Progress of the Work at Hammersmith

LOOKING TOWARDS THE BOWS OF THE CRAFT: *Left*—**At this juncture the Cambridge boat is ready to receive decking, breakwater and canvas. The sides of the hull are raised still higher amidships when the saxboards are fixed to the protruding shoulders.** *Right*—**Here we see the forward part five days later, with practically all fittings in position and the hull varnished. The outriggers are tubular and are made of drawn steel. They and the sliding seats are set in line with the gradual curve of the keel and not in a horizontal line, as might be expected**

From 1940 to 1945 the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was rowed in some strange places, Henley, Radley and Ely being the venues, but since 1946 it has been back on the old familiar Putney to Mortlake course, the 4 miles 1 furlong and 180 yards that are the sternest test of rowing to be found. In 1946 Oxford won by three lengths, bringing their victories to forty-five, and in 1947 Cambridge won, to make their total fifty-one. Apart from superb physical fitness, the two eights have one thing in common—their boats are built in the same works, that of George Sims at Hammersmith. In the accompanying drawings Laurence Dunn, who has paid a number of visits to the Sims workshops at Hammersmith, depicts various stages in the construction of the Cambridge boat, showing the immensity of precision work that goes into this task.

FIXING THE RUDDER TO THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT: Richard Southgate, one of the many experienced craftsmen at George Sims' Hammersmith works, tests the fit



WHERE THE BOAT-RACE OARS ARE MADE: In the workshops of E. Ayling and Sons, Ltd., Putney, who have made the oars for the Oxford and Cambridge crews for the University Boat Races since 1869. Those to be used in this year's race are shown in the centre of the picture, still in course of manufacture, with varnishing, painting and the fitting of leather buttons still to be done. By way of contrast, the small ones to the right are racing sculls, destined for Sweden and China. To the left are some oars in an earlier state of manufacture, with looms still unshaped. In their roughest state they weigh 25 lbs. and this is reduced to 9¼ to 9½ lbs. when completed. These oars are made in several pieces and are hollow

THE FINISHING TOUCHES—MANY HANDS TO THE TASK: One craftsman is engaged in touching-up the hull, while others are fitting the seats. The boat is the gift of an anonymous donor. It will also be used in the coming Olympic races which are to be staged at Henley during the late summer

RUNNING A PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Headmasters Face the Problems of Rising Costs

By CHARLES GRAVES

WHEN George Cukor, the world-famous M.-G.-M. director, asked me this week whether I could take him to a typical English preparatory school so that he could guarantee accuracy of detail for the Hollywood version of *Edward, My Son*, I promptly took him down to the one I knew best in the Home Counties. George Cukor was accompanied by his production manager, a camera-man and an art director, and showed the greatest possible interest in the boys.

But that is not the point of this article. What interested me privately was the L.S.D. of a modern preparatory school. Readers may recall an article I wrote some years ago in THE SPHERE called "Pity the Poor Housemaster." On that occasion I explained how the cost of living had risen so greatly that at most public schools it had been found necessary to pay the housemasters a flat salary instead of letting them make their money out of catering. At a preparatory school the headmaster is technically his own caterer, and in view of the immense rise in the cost of everything, the running of a preparatory school to-day is more of a vocation than a profession or business.

The school to which I took George Cukor is still charging only £50 per term, as it did twenty years ago, although in the near future the headmaster is reluctantly raising the fees from pounds to guineas. How is this done? The answer is that when I was a schoolboy, there were only forty-eight boys, whereas to-day there are seventy-six. Then the holidays have grown a trifle longer. To-day, the normal school holidays are seven to eight weeks in the summer, four to five weeks in the winter, and a month at Easter. In my day it was more like six weeks in the summer, three-and-a-half weeks at Easter and a bare month at Christmas. That certainly saves a considerable amount of money as far as the headmaster is concerned, but whereas there are extra fees to be gained from the twenty-eight extra boys, the teaching staff and the medical staff have had to be increased. To-day, there are eight masters, and one lady mistress for the bottom form; a P.T. instructor who prepares the cricket-ground and football-pitches, the cricket nets and games equipment generally; a boxing instructor (ex-R.A.F. fly-weight champion); a masseur who is expert in remedial exercises; and three matrons instead of one. Masters' salaries have, of course, risen. Salaries of masters in my day ranged from £150-£200 a year. To-day they go up to £350 a year, and it must not be forgotten that the masters are fed and housed free. In fact, the masters' salaries have risen in the last two years from £1,623 to £2,304, while wages have increased from £1,326 to £1,656 in the same period of time during which the cost of provisions has jumped from £1,537 to £1,904. The simple mathematical sum which confronts the headmaster, therefore, has been to balance £11,400 with his innumerable ever-increasing overheads. Rates have gone up to £260 a year; the laundry has jumped to £293; painting the outside of the school has risen to nearly £400 a year. School cricket balls now cost 14s. 6d. apiece; footballs have increased in price to well over a guinea; cricket stumps, football nets — every kind of sports gear, has leaped astronomically. Building accommodation for the extra twenty-eight boys since I was there has cost over £10,000, spread over a period of years.

A MEDIÆVAL SURVIVAL AND A MINOR WAR CASUALTY: The celebrated King's School shop at Canterbury is to be renovated. During the Bædeker raids in 1942, when German aircraft attacked the undefended city, Canterbury suffered heavily. King's School shop in Palace Street was affected only by blast

Shortly after the outbreak of war the school was taken over by the military at a flat rental of £600 a year, which compared badly with the £1,800 a year rent demanded by the hotel in Devonshire to which the school removed. What is more, over £5,000 worth of damage was done to the school, only part of which was repaid in the form of Government compensation.

To-day the school has an over-all population of nearly 100. This includes not only the boys and the teaching staff, but ten waitresses, two cooks, the matrons, two gardeners and a gardener's boy, and two men who clean the shoes, sharpen the knives, stoke the boilers, and act as general handymen. No wonder that with so large a number of mouths to feed the headmaster and his wife have a permanent anxiety that one of their main sources of supply may suddenly dry up. It does not take long for 100 people to eat one out of house and home. Two obvious ways of getting round this difficulty was for the school to have its own poultry farm—150 hens—and become as far as possible self-supporting where vegetables are concerned. The school, in fact, grows 8 tons of potatoes itself—quite apart from cabbages, carrots, and the like.

According to the headmaster's wife, the Government is very good about points, milk and meal units. The cumulative effect of over 90 people's points enables her every now and then to spend some of the surplus on tins of tongue and other canned goods, to store against a rainy day. The boys get meat six days a week, and I must say that I had a really substantial luncheon when I went down there. After a good helping of roast beef with potatoes and carrots, there followed a Scotch broth full of barley and green vegetables so thick that you could literally eat it on a fork and not with a spoon. This, in turn, was followed by slabs of ginger cake and tablespoonfuls of custard. It was quite clear, however, that only expert catering and first-class management could provide such solid fare for the boys now at their most formative years—between the ages of nine and thirteen. No wonder they looked—as well as being—well-fed.

Nor did it surprise me to learn that, unlike the boys at public schools and Sandhurst, the accident ratio is no higher than it was thirty years ago. Some of the boys, it is true, had been evacuated by their parents to America during the war; apart from this, however, the good feeding that they get prevents them from becoming so quickly tired, as happens at so many public schools after much less exercise than we used to take in my day. This impression was amply borne out by a visit to the gymnasium, where boxing was taking place. The boys were going all out and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Each looked remarkably sturdy.

By the way, an extra fee of 1½ guineas per term is charged for boxing. But, as the headmaster said, it only helps to defray the cost of the instructor, the replacement of the boxing gloves, and the services of the masseur. Similarly, the extra 3 guineas which parents pay for their boys who especially want to take music; 1½ guineas for non-obligatory drawing lessons; and 1 guinea for carpentry and shooting, do not do more than lessen the costs to the headmaster. This school, I may say, has twice won the All-England Preparatory School Shooting Competition, and not so long ago had six old boys simultaneously head boys of Charterhouse, Winchester, Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby and Gresham School, Holt—a fair testimonial to the sound feeding, education and character-building at this school.

Just after World War I there was a mushroom growth of preparatory schools all over the country, many of which folded up in the slump of 1931. Since then, and particularly since 1940, numbers more have come to an end or have amalgamated, and amalgamated again. Officially, there are still 600 or 700 preparatory schools belonging to the official association, but not many of them to-day are in first-class condition. All of them are visited at regular intervals by officials from the Ministry of Education. These visits to my old school are looked forward to greatly by the boys, who become quite upset if by any chance the visiting official fails to ask them individual questions.

As for health services, the best-run school cannot hope to escape childish epidemics like chicken-pox and measles. This school, however, has, by good fortune, not suffered from any epidemic—however mild—for very many months. Possibly one reason for this is that the headmaster's wife shakes hands with every boy before he goes to bed each night and has an uncanny ability to detect the slightest signs of illness before the boy himself begins to feel off-colour.

There is no doubt that a preparatory school, properly conducted, is one of the best examples of private enterprise. To all intents and purposes, the headmaster and his wife give their services free. They plough back whatever tiny profit they may make into the business of providing any further facilities which red tape permits, and regard as their chief dividend the successful careers in after-life of the youngsters of whom they have taken such good care.

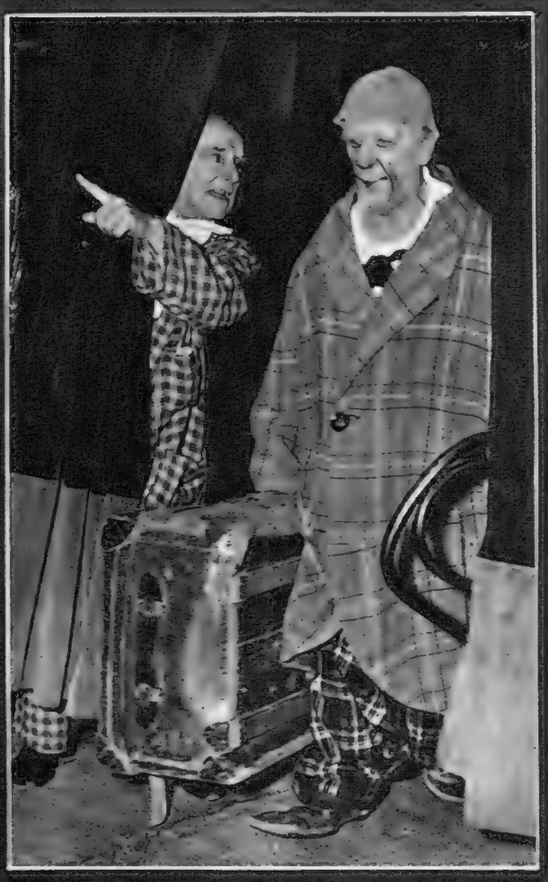
AFTER YEARS ON SHORT RATIONS BERLIN CHILDREN ARE GOING BALD: One of 80 youngsters under 14 years of age who have had to be sent to hospital for treatment of Miknospory. This baldness, a direct result of malnutrition, is being treated with an iodine solution

SIDELIGHTS on the FOOTLIGHTS

Of Musical Comedy, Opera and Circus

ANNIE LOSES HER TONSILS : Dolores Gray had to leave the cast of "Annie Get Your Gun" for an operation. The popular star of London's big American musical comedy hit was photographed as her temperature was being taken by Nurse K. Mephem at the London Clinic before the operation to remove her tonsils was performed last week

AND PEGGY GETS HER GUN! Peggy Powell, who took over Dolores Gray's part at the Coliseum, seen leaving the stage with Bill Johnson. The young actress from Fifeshire, who was "spotted" by Emile Littler and brought to London to understudy Dolores Gray, made a hit when she played the star's part at a moment's notice



RE-ENTER GROCK! The world-renowned Swiss clown, with his famous trunk, enters the arena of the Cirque d'Hiver, in Paris. The greatest clown of his day is still in the ring. Now a very old man, Grock remains a brilliant eccentric comedian. Two years ago he emerged from retirement to give an hour's performance at a benefit show for former French labour deportees in the presence of General de Gaulle

THE FIRST AMERICAN SINGER TO BE SIGNED FOR THE ROME OPERA HOUSE FOR THIRTY YEARS : Lilly Windsor, of Hawthorne, N.Y., with Prime Minister de Gasperi and U.S. Ambassador James Dunn. The twenty-four-year-old American lyric soprano was heard by conductor Vincenzo Bellezza and Mestre Gabriele Santini, of the Rome Opera, last year and was at once signed up for the coming season. She gave her first performance at the end of last month, when she sang Marguerite in *Faust*. The opera house was full, and she was given a great reception by audience and critics alike

SHE CLAIMS DESCENT FROM THE OLDEST THEATRICAL FAMILY IN THE WORLD : Adrienne Corri, whose forbears may have been among Aristophanes' actors. The family migrated to Italy and, in the age of the Medici, were members of the Comœdia del Arte, later moving to France and the Court of Louis XIV. Louis Riccoboni, from whom Adrienne is descended, published, in the early eighteenth century, the first known essay on the psychology of acting. This picture, by Russell Sedgwick, comes from an exhibition of the Theatre Group, formed by the leading London stage photographers to display examples of all kinds of theatrical photographs and to assist and safeguard professional actors in their choice. The group includes such names as Baron, Cecil Beaton, Walter Bird, Angus McBean, Houston Rogers, and John Vickers

SCHOOLCHILDREN MINGLE WITH THE CAST OF "THE MAGIC FLUTE" AT COVENT GARDEN : The specially-abridged version of the opera was given at three morning performances for children over fifteen years of age. Professor E. J. Dent and Dr. Karl Rankl prepared the special version of *The Magic Flute*, which was selected by the L.C.C. and the Covent Garden Opera Trust for its appeal to a young audience and for its value as an extension to secondary school musical teaching

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BRIGADIER GERARD HAD A PROTOTYPE

Conan Doyle's Flamboyant Hero and the Equally Fantastic Brigadier Marbot, Friend of Napoleon

THE Brigadier Gerard of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories was a fantastic and yet credible creature, slightly larger than life-size, and the hero of a thousand exploits, related and unrelated, or so we used to feel in the young and happy days when we were reading about him. It is possible, we now hear, that this magnificent and flamboyant creature had a prototype in real life, and that he was Brigadier Marbot, a soldier of the First Empire, whose own exploits had all the dash and verve of a fictional character, and who became, in so far as the term applies here, a friend of Napoleon's.

THE BRIGADIER (Art and Educational. 10s. 6d.) is the biography of that man and his adventures, by Mr. Vyvyan Ferrers, and excellent reading it makes, whether Marbot is playing a carefully-rehearsed farce with Napoleon in order to impress a foreign ambassador, or leading a charge with such *élan* that he completely out-distances his troops and arrives at the enemy lines alone.

Incidentally, there is a further story connected with this book, that is well worth mentioning, and that is, that the author was British Consul at St. Malo when the war broke out, and was still there when the Germans arrived. For a period, Mr. Ferrers was left more or less alone, though he displeased the Nazis by telling the townspeople not to believe the German-inspired news. But the time came when he was arrested and imprisoned for flatly disbelieving, sadly enough, in the fall of Singapore. In prison he remained until VE Day, and the whole of this lively and spirited book was written in solitary confinement.

I think I would read anything that Sir William Beach Thomas wrote, even if it concerned the differential calculus, or a wet Wednesday in Warrington, and when, as with his latest book, his matter is the study of dogs, I, of course, find no impediment at all. Not that I like all dogs indiscriminately, or dislike them either, as did Dr. Johnson. It is just that I have been, as have most of us, fond enough of one or two dogs in my time, to want to know how a man writes about his own choices.

For there never was a book on dogs yet, however knowledgeable and Olympian, in which the author didn't feel the urge to tell the reader just one little anecdote about a particularly intelligent (or faithful, or well-trained) dog of their own acquaintance. And in THE WAY OF A DOG (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) Sir William is, thankfully, no exception. He writes about Ruskin and Scott and about blood sports, but he also writes about Phoca, a terrier with "an attractive smile," and he writes about a dog called The Whuff, who was another friend of his.

I would like to add that I hope this book won't be read exclusively by dog-lovers; it deserves better than that.

THE GREAT SNOW (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) has appropriately been published when the memories of New York's blizzards are still fresh in the memories of the more diligent newspaper readers. And the book concerns, at least at first glance, exactly that: a very bad blizzard that immobilises a family and their friends in a country house not far from New York.

Mr. Henry Morton Robinson is a member of that American school of rather lush writers: a school of which Miss Marcia Davenport must surely be the Dean. And a very lulling, soothing school it is, except when the prose grows a little *too* lush, and the revelation that a girl loves a man is handled with such words as these:

"The valve of a terrible flame-thrower opened suddenly, cindering Cobb with a violet-coloured blast. Lucy had burned his fantasies to the root."

Related to this book only by the fact that both are described as novels, is Mr. Ian Niall's NO RESTING PLACE (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.). This is a story of those folk, known in the north as tinkers, and close relations to the gypsies, who lead a nomad life, mending pots and pans as their "official" industry, helping with harvests in season, and sustaining themselves as best they can with their pay, and the proceeds of their skilful poaching.

There is a family of these people in Mr. Niall's book: the Kyles. Broadly, they can be said to have passions without affections, and their own feuds are as bitter as anything that ever came out of the Tennessee mountains. They are violent and wily and adroit, and they are clannish to a degree that defies the general movements of history.

The force of this book is extreme. It isn't comfortable reading, and it has nothing to do with panaceas. But it is a memorable piece of work.

Miss Miriam Blanco-Fombona has been the Cultural Attachée to the Venezuelan Embassy in London, no doubt an exacting and difficult post, but she has, luckily for us, found time to write a novel of considerable quality. THE LOST ANT (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.) is a romantic success story with thoughtful overtones; the tale of a man who, in a little South American village in the Andes, finds that his lottery ticket has won him a fortune.

His own inclinations are for the life he knows and understands, but he has a forceful wife, and with her drive behind his shoulders, he accepts a diplomatic post in London, and sees his family launched on an unfamiliar social sea, when all the time he feels the pull of heredity and affection dragging him back to his own little *pueblo*.

I think you will take some pleasure in this moral tale, as I did.

THE BISHOP'S MANTLE (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is a North American story of a young man, the grandson of a bishop, who is himself ordained as a clergyman and appointed to an important church in one of the Eastern states. He loves, and eventually marries, a very beautiful girl, in spite of a flood of gloomy prognostications, and, eventually, too, he makes good, proving himself as a devout and sincere churchman, and a man of very human character. Mrs. Agnes Sligh Turnbull has the correct warmth and the correct unction for this kind of story.

TOBACCO ROAD (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.) is another import, and one whose fame has preceded it. Mr. Erskine Caldwell's play of the name has run for years on Broadway, and is probably still running there, and this is the novel based on the same story.

There are two first-rate detective stories this week, both heartily recommended and each as different from the other in manner if not in setting, as the best of chalk from the best of cheese. First of all, Mr. E. R. Punshon's MUSIC TELLS ALL (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), in which Mr. Bobby Owen, of Scotland Yard, pursues his charming and self-deprecatory way, and uncovers a sizzling story of treachery and vengeance. THE VOICE OF THE CORPSE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is by an author who is new to me, Mr. Max Murray, but I imagine that we shall be hearing more of him in the future. His present book has the merits of exceptional humour, crisp drawing and a wide-awake awareness of the essentials of a thriller.

A NEW EXPERIMENT BY THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION: Tricars, operated by road patrols, for speedy aid to stranded motorists: The Automobile Association is experimenting with new machines for road patrols on duty at static points, to enable them to get quickly to the help of stranded motorists. One of the new motor tricars is seen in this picture under test at Pains Hill, near Cobham, on the London-Portsmouth Road. The tricar will not generally replace the familiar A.A. Road Service Outfit with motor-cycle and side-car; the intention being to find an economic mount for patrols to operate within a limited radius from the A.A. boxes

---

IN THE SPHERE of February 28, 1948, reference was made to the new appointment of Mr. Eric Fielden. He is the new headmaster of the City of London Freemen's School at Ashtead Park, near Epsom, not of the City of London School of which Mr. F. R. Dale is headmaster.

THIRTY YEARS TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR I

Sir James Edmonds Completes His Record

Brigadier-General Sir James E. Edmonds has been in charge of the Military Branch, Historical Section, Committee of Imperial Defence, since 1919, and his task has been the writing of the history of World War I. In 1922 came Volume I, the story of the momentous battles of 1914, when Paris so nearly fell, and in the quarter-century since then a succession of volumes has poured from the press, mostly at three-yearly intervals, though latterly World War II tended to interrupt the even flow of Sir James's erudition. The latest volume deals with MILITARY OPERATIONS, FRANCE AND BELGIUM, 1918 (Stationery Office. 30s.), covering the vital period between September 26 and November 11, the weeks when all the Allied armies on the Western Front, from the Meuse to the sea, were on the move together. The operations, as the author admits, were of a monotonous, plodding character. Inevitably, the account of those operations is inclined towards monotony; but Sir James is not the kind of historian to become bogged down in the Flanders mud, and here and there he gives us a revealing glimpse of the human side of the great drama, "the cries and the curses of the excited troops, the roar of the barrage" are not wholly forgotten amid the larger issues. Sir James writes with clarity and fluency, much in the manner of Colonel Henderson, author of that classic life of "Stonewall" Jackson, and, at the finish, he shows beyond all doubt just how badly the German Army was broken, how necessary it was for its leaders to seek an armistice to prevent complete collapse.

The Second World War has now been over two-and-a-half years, but book publishers, partly for lack of printing machinery and because of slowness in the binderies, are sadly handicapped. Many a topical manuscript emerges from the press out of date, and unfortunately this is so of the latest ambitious publication from the house of Odhams, THE WORLD'S PEOPLES AND HOW THEY LIVE (Odhams Press. 9s. 6d.). More than 500 pages, more than 350 photographs, and 34 pictorial maps are brought together to present a survey of everyday life in nearly every corner of the world. Each chapter is written by an acknowledged expert on the people of the country described, but since the manuscript went to press time has marched on; the Crown Colony of Ceylon has become a Dominion; Burma has sought her destiny outside the Commonwealth; and the Danubian countries have had to submit to a new kind of authoritarianism. All these developments tend to rob the book of its value, while Erika Claudius, author of the chapter on Germany, gives glimpses of town and country life that can but refer to the vanished past. In the final paragraph the author makes a fleeting reference to the breakdown of the Nazi regime, but here, as in other chapters on Europe, the true and tragic facts of post-war everyday life are not really faced.

When Le Corbusier told the world in the twenties what he thought should be the plan for an ideal city, he was regarded as a revolutionary. To-day many of his ideas belong to the accepted technique of civic planning, and they will be found in the new satellite cities soon to grow up round London. Now Le Corbusier turns his attention from houses to transport, and in THE FOUR ROUTES (Dennis Dobson. 15s.), gives his views on the planning of high roads, railways, waterways, and airways. Most of the plans in the book are applied essentially to Paris, but the implications are universal. As seen through these pages, Le Corbusier is a warm, vital personality, and although he is writing for the most part about the means of transportation, it is clear enough that, in planning roads and railways, he never loses sight of the homes to which they lead and their effect upon the homes which they pass. To this architect the home remains the focal point of existence in a troubled world.

The Linden Tree, which came to London's Duchess Theatre in August 1947, scoring another success for J. B. Priestley, has been brutally man-handled by the New York critics and it "folded up" a fortnight ago after a run of fewer than seven days. THE LINDEN TREE (Heinemann. 6s.) now appears in book form, and playgoers will welcome the opportunity of re-meeting Professor Linden and his family. No matter what Manhattan has to say, many will recognise in this play one of Priestley's best domestic interiors.

Negley Farson won a host of admirers both with his autobiographical story *The Way of a Transgressor* and with his novel THE STORY OF A LAKE. The latter is now republished at 12s. 6d. by Gollancz, and there is no doubt the edition will be sold out in quick time.

The 1948 edition of WHITAKER'S ALMANACK (J. Whitaker and Sons, Ltd. Complete edition, 12s. 6d.) is the eightieth annual volume, and it makes its bow rather earlier in the year than was possible during and just after the war. This year there is a greatly enlarged educational section in the Almanack, and the whole system of National Insurance is reviewed and explained at length.

"Surprising difference with these new Kershaws"

The "Monarch" (10x40). Price £31.0.0 including leather case, sling and purchase tax

KERSHAW "BLOOMED" LENSES
TRANSMIT 40% MORE LIGHT
GIVE SHARPER DEFINITION
STRENGTHEN COLOUR CONTRAST

Perfect balance enables robust construction to be combined with feather-light handling. Kershaws last a lifetime!

Kershaws can now undertake the repair and cleaning of binoculars providing they are of the best British or Continental manufacture. Send through your usual dealer

KERSHAW

KERSHAW SOHO (SALES) LTD., 37/41 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

K.B.6

SMALL MILEAGE CARS

Henlys have a splendid selection of Genuine small mileage cars at attractive prices.

1946 JAGUAR 3½ Saloon.
1946 AUSTIN 8 Saloon.
1946 ARMSTRONG 16 d/h Coupe.
1946 VAUXHALL 14 Saloon.
1946 HILLMAN 10 Saloon.
1946 FORD 8 Saloon.
1946 MORRIS 8 2-door Saloon.
1946 SUN/TALBOT 10 Saloon.
1946 STANDARD 8 d/h Coupe
1946 M.G. 11 2-seater.
1946 HUMBER 27 Super Snipe.
1946 LANCHESTER 10 Saloon.
1946 VAUXHALL 12 Saloon.
1946 WOLSELEY 14 Saloon.
1946 STANDARD 12 Saloon.
1946 AUSTIN 16 Saloon
1946 ROVER 16 Saloon.
1940 AUSTIN 10 Saloon.
1940 JAGUAR 1½ Saloon
1940 SUN/TALBOT 14 Saloon.
1939 BUICK 30 Saloon.
1939 RILEY 1½ Saloon.
1939 MORRIS 10 Saloon.
1939 ROVER 10 Saloon.
1939 ARMSTRONG 16 Saloon.
1938 AUSTIN 10 Saloon.
1938 TALBOT 21 Saloon.
1938 BUICK 38 7-passenger Limousine.
1938 ALVIS 32 Saloon.
1938 HUMBER 16 Roadster.
1936 MORRIS 12 Saloon.
1935 BENTLEY 26 d/h Coupe

HENLYS

England's Leading Motor Agents

Head Office: Henly House, 385 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tel: EUS 4444
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel: GRO 2287

Branches: Manchester, 1-5, Peter Street. Bournemouth, The Square
Bristol, Cheltenham Road

Northampton, A. Mulliner Ltd., Bridge Street

30 *Depots throughout the Country.*

HENRY FORD DIDN'T LIKE g

Henry Ford was the first man to make a light-weight motor-car. He didn't see the use in pushing a lot of unnecessary weight around. He realised that if he could reduce the power of gravity (g for short) he'd be on to a good thing. To-day, if only manufacturers would realise it, we have forged a fine weapon against the power of g—we have a range of light alloys developed by H.D.A. that make for extreme lightness without loss of strength. Next time you have a production problem . . .

. . . make light work of it with g **HIGH DUTY ALLOYS**

HIGH DUTY ALLOYS LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
INGOTS, BILLETS, FORGINGS, CASTINGS & EXTRUSIONS IN 'HIDUMINIUM' ALUMINIUM ALLOYS
(Regd. trade mark)

Everywhere - everywear

by

alkit

ALKIT LTD. · CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS · LONDON · W.C.2

Branches at: Aldershot, Amesbury, Camberley, Chester, Cambridge, Catterick, Folkestone, Newark, Oxford

ATMOSPHERE...

The special atmosphere of Warnes is nowhere more strongly felt than in the delightful lounges, where a combination of warmth, harmony and really inviting chairs provides an ideal background for real relaxation.

EASY ACCESS. *Guests bound for Warnes will find an excellent train service to Worthing. Frequent trains leave Victoria and London Bridge on the 1½ hour run, and many have comfortable Pullman coaches.*

WARNES OF WORTHING

Telephone: Worthing 2222

'Prestige'

HOLLOW-GROUND

Made in England by Platers & Stampers, Ltd.

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI.

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 30/-; Half-bottle 15/9. U.K. only

Lindt

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

5,200 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE

YOUR GIFT WILL CHANGE TEARS to SMILES

● THE GENERAL FUND OVERDRAFT IS £40,000 WILL YOU HELP P

GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.,
Church of England **CHILDREN'S SOCIETY** (formerly Waifs & Strays)
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

The sides of the bath are steep and tall when you are baby-size, and a little water seems a lot of water. But with the sure comfort of mother at hand, bathtime is one of the happiest times of a baby's day. After the gay splashing comes the pampering softness of a careful towel, and then the soothing sweetness of the kindest powder in the world. Suddenly drowsy (asleep already?) — here is the magical power of gentleness, sending a baby happily into dreamland.

Johnson's baby powder

the kindest powder in the world

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE

Fine Accessories FOR THE HOME

1. Elegant Floor Lamp in walnut or mahogany finish, full height. **£11.8.11**
Buckram Shade. In peach or gold. **£8.5.0**

2. Table Lamp in cream or brown composition. **34/9**
Buckram Shade. In cream, peach or gold. **36/7**

3. Cushion in Crêpe, Featherdown filled, size 20" square. In rose, blue and green. **45/-**

4. Cushion in quilted Rayon Satin, filled Featherdown, size 20" square. In green, gold, rose **69/7**

Lampshades—Fourth Floor

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

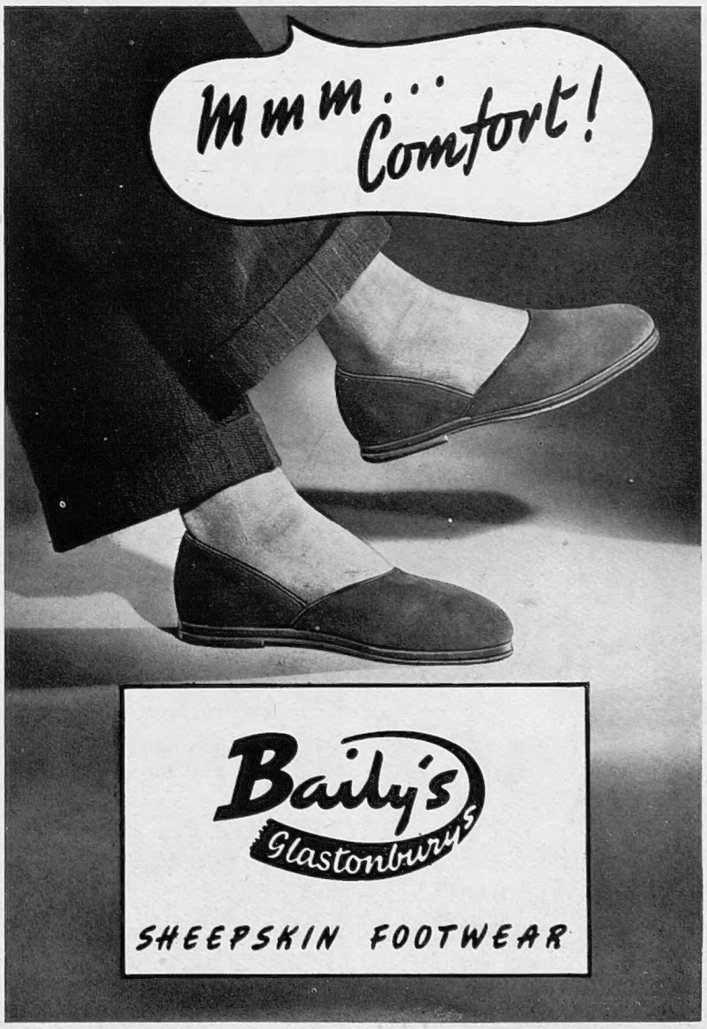
Like father, like son

When it's a matter of clothes, the younger man, like his father, wisely entrusts his requirements to the Man's Shop at Harrods. Here in his own special section is a wide range of clothes, of distinctive yet tasteful design, styled especially for the "sixteens to nineteens."

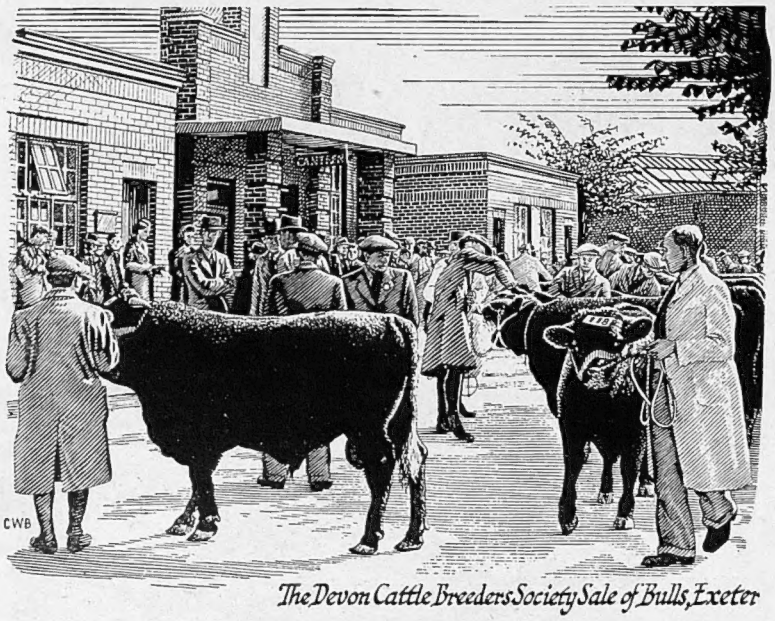
Younger Man's Shop

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD SLOane 1234 LONDON SW1



A. BAILY & COMPANY, LTD., GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET (Wholesale only)



The Devon Cattle Breeders Society Sale of Bulls, Exeter

In spite of the modern trend towards centralisation and uniformity many of us still believe that local traditions count for a great deal in the conduct of business. We like to deal with local men who understand local problems and conditions, rather than with some remote authority, however well-intentioned. It is the knowledge of this deep-seated preference for familiar things and people that underlies the development by Barclays Bank of their unique system of Local Head Offices, covering England and Wales. The Local Directors of these Offices are well acquainted with the districts they serve: their experience is at the disposal of all customers of the Bank, whether their accounts are large or small.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

THE CHOICE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

From Boucher's lovely painting, Duesbury of Derby translated this group into exquisite porcelain; and generations of connoisseurs have praised it for its beauty of form and colouring, just as generations of discriminating people have praised the unchanging quality of Highland Queen "Grand Liqueur".

HIGHLAND QUEEN

GRAND LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. DISTILLERS, LEITH, SCOTLAND

Branksome Tower Hotel

needs no introduction to discerning and knowledgeable people. Here, within easy reach of London, is a hotel that ranks with the finest in Europe for luxury and service, and which provides, for an exclusive clientele, much that is usually associated with the French Riviera. Enchanting scenery, private cliffs and sea promenade, and every facility for sport are amenities enhanced by a flawless cuisine and a wine cellar of taste, variety and vintage.

There is a frequent—and excellent—train service from London. Hotel cars available.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Telephone: Bournemouth 4000
Grams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth

Patronised by Royalty.

℗c

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

INHALANT

Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour from your handkerchief

Of Chemists 2/6

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V232

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the

NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

One of Britain's finest hotels,
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra.

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL, WEST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH

Facing the sea, the sun, the south. Within—the brightness of fresh flowers, the restfulness of soft furnishings. Suites and single rooms all expressively individual. Lift, Ballroom, Orchestra and Solarium. Residential terms on application. Tel.: 6671.

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

in the quiet of the Cathedral Close

BURLINGTON, FOLKESTONE

Situated on The Leas facing the sea. Ideal for a restful holiday with good food and courteous service. Fully Licensed. Lift, and all modern comforts. Special Residential terms. Telephone: 4663.

"BRITAIN'S WONDER HOTEL" FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAY

THE GRAND HOTEL, HARROGATE

Always in season and first-class throughout. Tariff, with pleasure. Tel.: 4631.

COMPLEAT ANGLER HOTEL, MARLOW

offers special week-end terms until March 22nd. 3½ guineas from Friday Dinner to Monday Breakfast inclusive, including taxi both ways from Maidenhead Station.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

For fine sands, bracing air and plenty of sunshine stay at THE GRAND (Tel.: 190), open from Easter to October; or at THE MANOR HOUSE, open all the year round. Both famous for food, wines and service. Tel.: 9.

Book now and forget your worries!

CLEVELANDS HOTEL, NORTHAM, WESTWARD HO! N. DEVON

Beautifully appointed Hotel in lovely position. Glassed-in Verandah Sun-trap. Central Heating. Unusually good food. Own Farm and Garden Produce Excellent Bus and Train Service. Special Residential Terms.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE

A full quota of sunshine, overlooking Mount's Bay. The best headquarters for seeing the Cornish Riviera, from St. Ives to Land's End and the Lizard. *Write Manager.*

DAISH'S HOTEL, SHANKLIN

For Spring Sunshine, Summer Skies, Autumn Tints and Winter Warmth stay at DAISH'S. Open all the year. Famous for food and wine, comfort and courtesy. To visit our Restaurant, open to non-residents, is a pleasurable experience in gastronomic contentment. Resident Director: George Spencer. Tel.: 2274

SEEKING SUNSHINE? A warm sunny bedroom or suite overlooking the waters of Torbay awaits you. **GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY** A pre-war staff ready to greet and serve you. Our Chef eager to work miracles on your behalf, and in our cellars are vintage wines dreaming of the day for their release. Your enquiry will have the personal attention of Mr. O. R. Paul, General Manager.

THE CAVENDISH EASTBOURNE

WELCOMES YOU AGAIN

A de luxe Hotel on the Grand Parade, where you will find comfort, perfect service and an excellent cuisine. Private Bathrooms. Telephones in all rooms. Cocktail Bar and Sun Lounge.

Pimm's Ltd., Proprietors.
P. Churchman, Manager—Tel. Eastbourne 2740.

SKYHI MINOR

HYDRAULIC CAR JACK

"The Little Jack with the BIG Lift"

Closed Height 6½ ins.
Maximum Height 14 ins.

LIFTING CAPACITY 2 TONS
The "QUALITY" Hydraulic Car Jack that every car owner should use.

Price £4.0.0

Order through your GARAGE.

If any difficulty in obtaining delivery write:

SKYHI, Ltd.
SKYHI WORKS
WORTON ROAD
Isleworth, Middlesex

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1948. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Oxford v. Cambridge

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the "Water." The topic is Burrough's Gin. People of discernment, who prefer gin drinks, always try for Burrough's because it is *triple distilled.* This is the extra refinement that makes Burrough's Gin soft, smooth and clean to the palate.

Taken plain it is delicious . . . and Burroughs Gin always "keeps its place" even in the most delicate cocktail. Maximum price 30/- per bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROUGH'S *Gin*

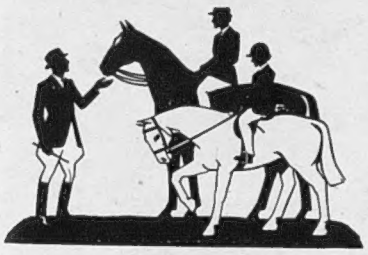
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 81, CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

After a good day's work for Britain

—that's when beer is best

E3



HARRY HALL

RIDING BREECHES

JODHPURS

HACKING

JACKETS

VESTS

Obtainable ready-to-wear from Appointed Agents all over the country and abroad, or made-to-measure at

235, 237

REGENT STREET

LONDON, W1

Burgh Island Hotel

OPEN EASTER TO OCTOBER

Here you will find luxurious surroundings, first-class cuisine and the finest cellar in the West Country

Terms from £2 per day inclusive.

BURGH ISLAND, BIGBURY BAY SOUTH DEVON

Telegrams: BURGOTEL, Bigbury-on-Sea

Telephone: Bigbury-on-Sea 272

THE ORIGINAL SWISS PROCESS CHOCOLATE—FAMOUS SINCE 1826

Suchard Chocolate Ltd. London, S.E.16

The Chef *always* recommends

Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE

. . . and soon, we hope, Sauce Melba—which made Pêche Melba famous.

ESCOFFIER LTD., Harders Road, London, S.E.15

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Painted by Henry Coller

THE CRITICS SAY...

OPINIONS about a game of "rugger" are as many and varied as the critics themselves.

But connoisseurs of Scotch Whisky are of one voice in their appreciation of "Black & White"—as fine a whisky as ever came out of Scotland.

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI
Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd., Glasgow and London

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1948. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.